

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## PEACE OR BARBARISM?

### THE CLEVER WAYS OF ANIMALS

#### STORIES OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE

#### The Astonishing Power That We Must Sometimes Envy

##### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Many folk tales tell of the longing of man to possess himself of some quality or power found in the animal kingdom, yet by that very intelligence in which he excels all animals man must realise how supreme he is in his place in the Universe.

Yet, however we may appreciate our five senses, there is one animal power we must all sometimes wish for—the homing instinct.

##### The Homing Instinct

Dr David Katz, lecturing at the Royal Society of Arts, has been describing an experiment on a dog at Munich, intended to test its sense of direction. This dog, which had never been beyond the immediate neighbourhood of its home, was carried four miles away in a box. Immediately on its release it made for home, reaching it in two hours. The dog knew which way to go. It did not use its nose. It did not make mistakes and retrace its steps. It did not stop to work it out. The experiment was repeated, and the same thing happened again, though the dog was less time on its journey and went a different way, proving that it was not remembering its previous journey.

We all know, of course, that birds have this sense of direction and that it never fails them. Dr Katz stated that hundreds of starlings and swallows had been collected from all over Germany and brought to Berlin in covered cages. When set free they flew to all points of the compass, but *straight to their own nests*.

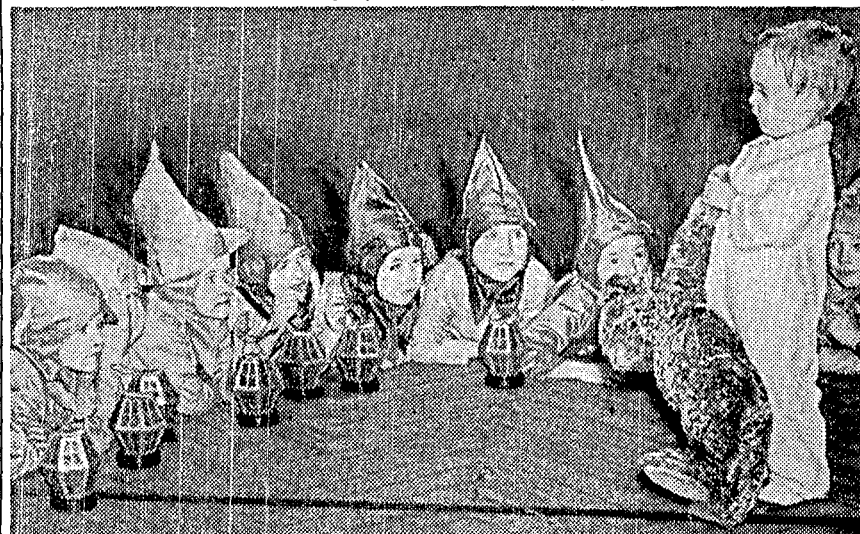
##### Clever Jack

This power is what we call an instinct. Only actual intelligence can explain the doings of a calculating horse called Clever Jack, who 30 years ago amazed all experts, as well as its honest trainer. The trainer would stand in front of the horse while it tapped out the answer to a sum with its hoof, always stopping at the right time. At last a scientist proved himself as intelligent as Clever Jack by noticing, as the observant horse did, that the trainer made an involuntary movement when the horse had completed the correct number of taps. It was a showman's trick, but not less remarkable as an exhibition of animal intelligence.

Dr Katz explained that scientists now recognised three types of intelligent behaviour in animals. The lowest is Instinct, though that has puzzled all students of Nature for thousands of years and is as truly wonderful as



LOOKERS ON—Thrilled by a performance at the Olympia Circus in London



PERFORMERS—Children of Dr Barnardo's Homes at Barkingside rehearsing a scene for the Children's Festival to be held at the Albert Hall on Saturday

Reason. The second type is met with among those animals which learn from experience, adapting their future actions to what they have learned in the past. The third and highest type is shown among those few animals which have some sort of reasoning power, and the lecturer instanced among these the gorillas, chimpanzees, and orang-utans, climbers up the ladder of evolution to the highest point below man.

It is the association of ideas which is the true mark of intelligence, and one or two instances were given showing how animals lack it. A spider will attack a fly in its web, though it will run away from the fly outside the web. (The composer of the famous rhyme was evidently no scientist.) An octopus will only attack a crab when it is crawling on the sea-bed, ignoring it when suspended by a thread in mid-water. A crab is always a crab to a human being, but apparently it is only a crab to the octopus when part of certain surroundings.

In Arthur Mee's new half-crown book (God Knows) are many stories of the kind told by Dr Katz, and we take the following from a long list of such marvels, all going to show an intelligence

in some animals that we do not find in some men.

There was in Pelorus Sound for twenty years a dolphin that piloted ships through the dangerous strait approaching New Zealand. As the ship approached Pelorus Jack would dart from his hiding and swim ahead, going steadily until he reached French Pass, when he disappeared; up to that point no human pilot was ever more reliable.

There was a frog that answered to its name when called by Professor Romanes. There were fishes that would answer a bell rung by Sir Joseph Banks. A crocodile has been known to have an affection for a cat. A snake pined on being separated from its owner, and sprang with delight when he returned.

Even the worm is not without intelligence. He selects his food and plugs the mouth of his burrow. He pulls in leaves and arranges them to close up the entrance. He will hide his door with stones, and if you move them he will drag them back. He will leave the burrow if he hears a noise, and a peewit has been known to tap the ground to bring him out.

Everywhere the wisdom of Life is seen in the animal kingdom.

### WITH ROOSEVELT OR MUSSOLINI?

#### THE PLAIN CHOICE FOR THE NATIONS

#### Italian Army's War on the Red Cross Flag

##### GATHERING SHADOWS

Once again in these dark days the choice for the world has been put plainly before all peoples. We may go the way of Peace and Goodwill with President Roosevelt, or the way of Barbarism with Signor Mussolini.

While Italian bombs have been falling on the Red Cross in Abyssinia Mr Roosevelt has been reminding America of the terrible danger of allowing the world to be at the mercy of Dictators. World peace, he told Congress last week, is blocked by only 10 to 15 per cent of the population; the rest are content to live in their territorial limits without disturbing the world.

##### Policy of U.S.A.

Nations seeking expansion and the righting of wrongs are unhappily not exercising the patience necessary to attain their reasonable and proper ends by peaceful ways or by an appeal to the sense of justice. They have impatiently gone back to the old belief in the law of the sword, or to the fantastic idea that they alone are chosen to fulfil a mission.

After these plain words about the troublers of the world President Roosevelt declared the clear policy of the United States to be a twofold neutrality toward nations engaged in wars which did not concern America. America's policy was, he said, to refuse to encourage war by supplying arms and munitions, and to discourage the use of any American products for war purposes by any nation.

Peace is jeopardised by the few, he said—by those who seek selfish power. The world has witnessed such times before, and America earnestly hopes we are not on the threshold of another era of war; but, should it come, the United States and all the Americas could play but one part—to do nothing to encourage it.

##### Oil Supplies

This bold statement has been accepted as a certain witness that America will do nothing to make it difficult for the League to impose oil sanctions on Italy, and it is felt that the League is bound to stop oil supplies if it is to save itself from defeat.

It is clear that Mussolini is terribly disappointed with the way his war is dragging along. There is no hope of anything like a speedy conquest of Abyssinia, and very little hope of any sort of conquest. Italy is fast impoverishing herself and at the same

*Continued on page 2*

## A LONDON PRIDE

### Another Good Thing Growing More and More

#### THE NURSE WHO WILL COME FOR AN HOUR

Four years ago London's Hourly Nursing Service dealt with some 30 or 40 calls a week. Today it handles from 300 to 400 a week.

It soon outgrew its first small flat; it then outgrew its middle-sized flat, and last week it opened its handsome new headquarters at 6 Pembridge Place, where 15 of the nurses live, with a few rooms set aside for the use of their patients if needed.

In addition to the hourly nurses who answer calls from any part of London, giving expert nursing for a small fee, the service is in touch with 500 other nurses who are available for private duty in the ordinary way.

Thanking Lady Bledisloe for opening the new centre, Dame Beatrix Lyall urged everyone to tell their friends about this most useful charity. "It is not a charity in the sense of giving free service to the very poor," she explained, "but it is charity in that wider sense of helping to bear each other's burdens." She referred to the work as one of London's prides and one of the finest schemes in the Empire.

If there is a patient in your house who needs to be made comfortable every day, as only a hospital nurse knows how to make him, telephone to Bayswater 0042, and a nurse will come to him every day for 5s an hour.

### HE GAVE UP RICHES FOR THE POOR

#### A Brewer's Fortune Sacrificed

The East End of London has lost a brave man and a tireless friend in Mr F. N. Charrington.

It was the sight of his name over a public house more than fifty years ago that induced him to spend his life for the poor and to sacrifice his wealth for them. He belonged to a famous family of brewers, and what he saw outside the public house was a woman appealing to her drunken husband, "Tom, do give us some money; I am hungry and the children are starving."

The sight moved Mr Charrington, and the thought that he was personally responsible stirred him so that he gave up his fortune, sacrificing an immense income, and settled down to live with the poor and for the poor. He established the Great Assembly Hall where millions have attended services conducted by him. It is his memorial. He fought for temperance all his life. It was his delight to be "Uncle Fred" down East.

Now he has ended his work and gone to the Kingdom of Heaven he did his best to build up here.

### THEY FOUGHT AT WATERLOO

Far away across the Atlantic lives a dear old lady whose father fought at Waterloo. He was Dr James Anderson, Royal Surveyor and Draftsman. The uniform he wore at Waterloo is still treasured, and also a letter from Warren Hastings complimenting him on his draftsmanship.

Miss Anderson wondered if she was the only one left who could say of her father "he fought at Waterloo." So she got her nephew to write to The Times, and soon came the comforting assurance that she is not the last of that generation. True, she lives in California, while Lady George Hamilton, whose father carried the colours at Quatre Bras, lives in London, and Oxford is the home of Mrs Cam, whose father, George Erwing Scott, fought at Waterloo at the age of 18, afterwards going to Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Medal for a poem on the famous battle.

## SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

### Julia Chatterton Has Sung Her Last

We owe much to Mrs Julia Chatterton, who has sung her last song and gone to rest.

With Cecil Sharp she did more than anyone else to rescue and publish the folk songs still surviving in the world. The work of the two will live, carried on by an international society whose members, when they hear an ancient song sung, write down the words and music, print it, and save it for posterity.

Not all folk music is beautiful; but all is interesting as the composition of people who lived in primitive times, and their hearts turning to song, sang what rose to their lips. Perhaps today we hear melodies which Alfred played on his harp when he sang as a minstrel in the camp of the Danes. The Jews have no doubt that among the tunes they still sing are some which were heard in the Temple of Solomon.

### WILLIAM NICHOLLS GOES TO HIS IMMORTALITY

We cannot let William Nicholls go to rest without saluting the memory of a gallant man.

It was back in the Victorian Era that he won the two medals which most of us would give anything to deserve.

William Nicholls was born 77 years ago, and went to sea. After being wrecked on a coral reef in the China Seas he decided that he had had enough of it, and at 19 he joined the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. As he was mounting an escape to a burning house a woman threw herself from a top-floor window, and Nicholls grasped her with one hand. It was almost a miracle that he was not hurled to the ground.

For this rescue he was summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive the Albert Medal, the V C of Peace.

In 1890 his Chief, Captain Shaw (immortalised in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*), recommended Nicholls for the reorganisation of the Bombay Fire Brigade. He went, and in 1896 came plague to that great city. Nicholls worked devotedly for the native sufferers, and received another medal.

### THE VALIANT CHARWOMAN

Some people make much fun of charwomen, but they always seem to us very gallant people, their shabby clothes not comic but tragic. Now we have had our ideas confirmed.

Mrs Florence Ketteridge, charwoman, of Cato Street, Saltley, Birmingham, heard a terrific clatter, and saw a runaway horse come charging along with a coal lorry behind him. There would be an accident if he was not stopped. So Mrs Ketteridge stopped him.

It was a very brave thing to do. She received injuries which kept her from working for eight weeks, and now the Carnegie Hero Fund has awarded her £6 for the lost work and £10 for her brave deed.

## ROOSEVELT OR MUSSOLINI?

Continued from page 1

time entangling herself in a hopeless mess in Africa; and it will not be surprising if the chief question in Rome is, very soon, not What is going to happen in Abyssinia? but What is going to happen in Italy?

Economic ruin is staring Italy in the face, and the shadow of defeat is darkening her vision over Africa.

Italy was the first country to drop bombs from the sky, and she is the first country since the Great War to drop bombs deliberately on a hospital. All the world outside Italy has been shocked

## LITTLE GRAINS

### OF MUSTARD

#### What They Have To Do With a Photograph

#### COUNTING 20,000 CRYSTALS

In the Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution Dr C. E. K. Mees has been unfolding to young listeners the inside of the photograph.

It is all made up of grains, and the most curious of them is the grain of mustard. This plays its most important part in the photographs made on the gelatine of the films. The gelatine is exceedingly sensitive to light because it contains a trace of sulphur, and the sulphur comes from mustard oil.

Such gelatine is made from calf skins. No other will apply. The reason why calf skins contain mustard is that cows and their calves eat all the herbage they find, including that containing mustard. So the cow becomes a double benefactor. It gives us milk, and it supplies the right kind of film.

#### Girl's Curious Work

A photograph on a film is all grains, tiny crystals of silver embedded in the gelatine. These grains are not all of the same size. Some are twenty times the size of others, and because the properties of a photograph depend largely on the grains spread out on the gelatine by the liquid applied to it, it is very important to learn all about their sizes.

Photographs are taken of the spread-out liquid and enlarged; then a girl counts them all, and classifies them according to their size. When 20,000 of the crystal grains have been counted the proportions of the sizes can be made out. This task used to take the girl three months; now she can do it in three weeks.

These and other wonders were revealed to those who want to know just what happens when they click the shutter of their Brownies.

### £30,000 FOR THE HOME MUSICIAN

#### Help From the Carnegie Millions

Much good work is being done for music, thanks to the £30,000 allotted by the Carnegie Trust for the development of music in British homes.

The fund will have its chief centres of activity in London, Manchester, and Glasgow, and will guarantee the funds of societies which encourage instruction in music and help to train conductors.

At first sight, with distress so acute among musicians, it may seem a little short-sighted to swell the number of instrumentalists, but to cease to teach music would have melancholy results. Moreover, even wireless must have orchestras and soloists, and the day will come when the world will grow tired of all this jazz and return to music again.

So we must train for the future, assuring an unchecked supply of artists whose talent has been perfected by training.

by the killing and wounding of doctors and nurses and patients working under the Red Cross flag, but Mussolini is unmoved by these desperate acts of his desperate men. The Italian Army aims its bombs at the Red Cross as callously as the German navy aimed its torpedoes at the Lusitania. The result will be what it will be, but it can never be anything but defeat and shame for those who seek conquest by means like these.

The next meeting of the League is approaching in Geneva, the rains are coming in Abyssinia, and the shadows are falling in Rome.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

London Transport has just paid to the L.C.C. a cheque for £491,000 for vehicle licences for 1936.

German manufacturers are sending to Australia spraying materials and agricultural machinery in exchange for 50,000 cases of apples.

Figures suggest that we may look forward to seeing four or five million cars, lorries, and motor-cycles on the register by 1945.

It is believed that the record of long service for the British Isles goes to Mr Alfred Povey, who has died at 84, after working at the Astmoor Tannery at Runcorn, Cheshire, for 75 years.

A party of French and German men who fought in the Great War has visited Swansea, where they were warmly welcomed. A German flag captured in the War was handed back to the visitors.

When an attempt was made to remove a patch of oil from an ornamental lake used by swans in Southchurch Park, Southend, by burning it with petrol, wind caused the flames to set fire to a bridge across the lake.

A wealthy pawnbroker of Pontefract, Mr W. H. Hyde, has left part of his fortune to found a hospital for children and mothers, hoping it would benefit the poorer people of Pontefract, from whom the bulk of his trade had come.

The floods have been among the worst for many years. At Teddington the Thames poured nearly 9000 million gallons in one day over the weir, and in many parts of the country the waters rose nearly three feet above the roads.

As a spare propeller for the Queen Mary, weighing 35 tons, was being carried from London to Southampton the wheels of the lorry sank on a hill near Botley in Hampshire. The 20-foot wide propeller blocked the road, causing traffic to be diverted for several hours.

### HE SAW CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Many were the memories of his 87 years that old Sir James Roberts, the Yorkshire manufacturer, cherished.

But the most precious of them was of the Brontë family in the village of Haworth where he was born, and more especially of the frail, unforgettable figure of Charlotte Brontë, who more than once stopped him in the street to speak a kindly word.

As a boy of seven he saw her borne to her grave, and six years afterwards the funeral of her father, blind old Patrick Brontë, whom he often heard preach.

Before he himself passed on to join these people of his childhood Sir James bought their old Parsonage and gave it to the Brontë Society as a museum.

## THINGS SAID

We should have a national system of school broadcasting, with a separate station for schools.

Mr Howard Whitehouse

The inspiration of what is best in our country is still Christian: how long will this last?

Canon Barry

The United Kingdom ranks as our leading customer.

U.S.A. Chamber of Commerce

In a reasonably intelligent world a first-class doctor would be attached to every Cabinet.

Lady Rhondda

If the cause of peace is to capture the heart of man it must be presented in more courageous, more positive, and more constructive terms.

Times Literary Supplement

People have borrowed from me for 50 years and only five of them ever paid back.

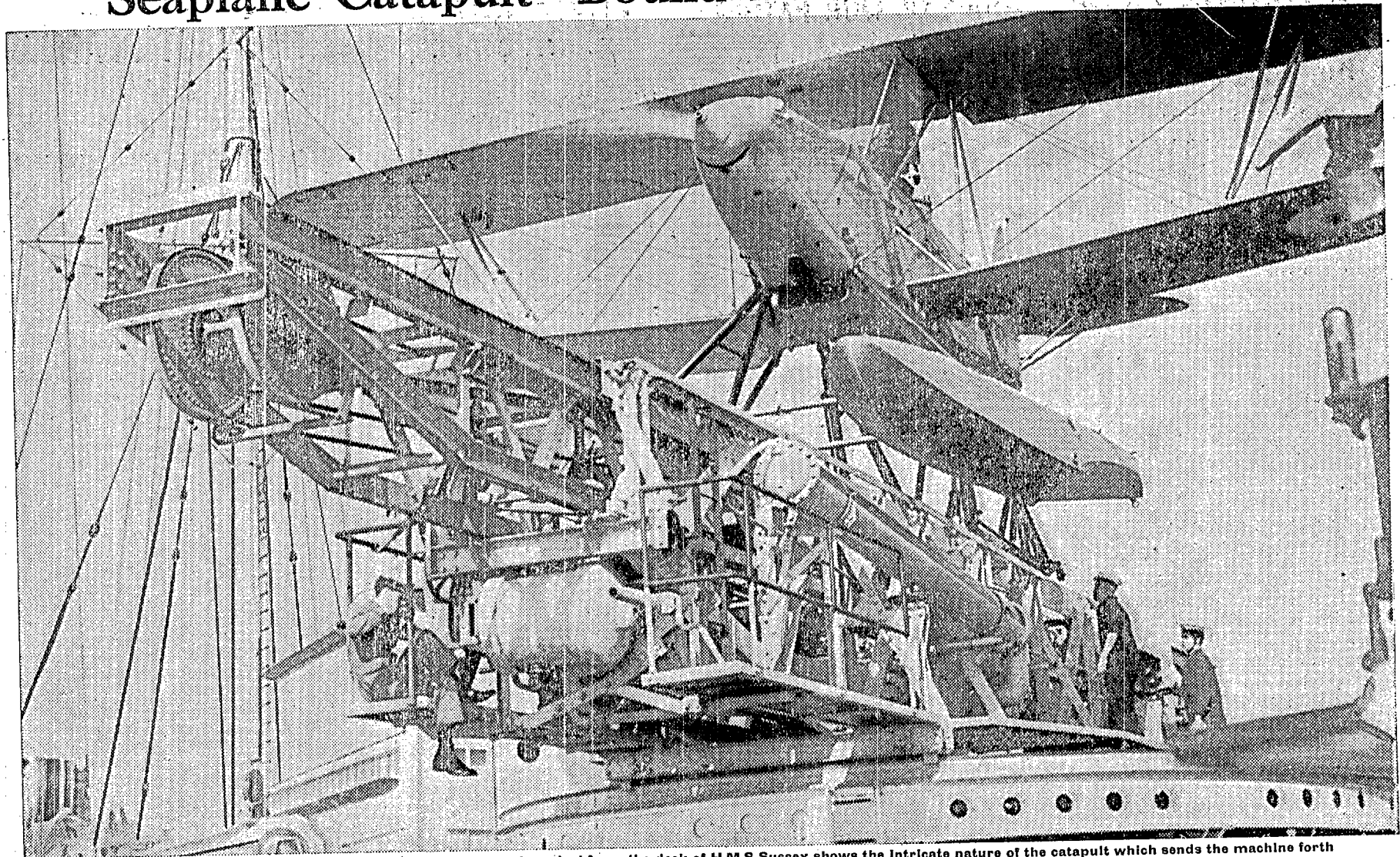
Professor W. H. D. Rouse

The policy of Italy is a throw-back to barbarism; that of Ethiopia is an effort to escape from barbarism.

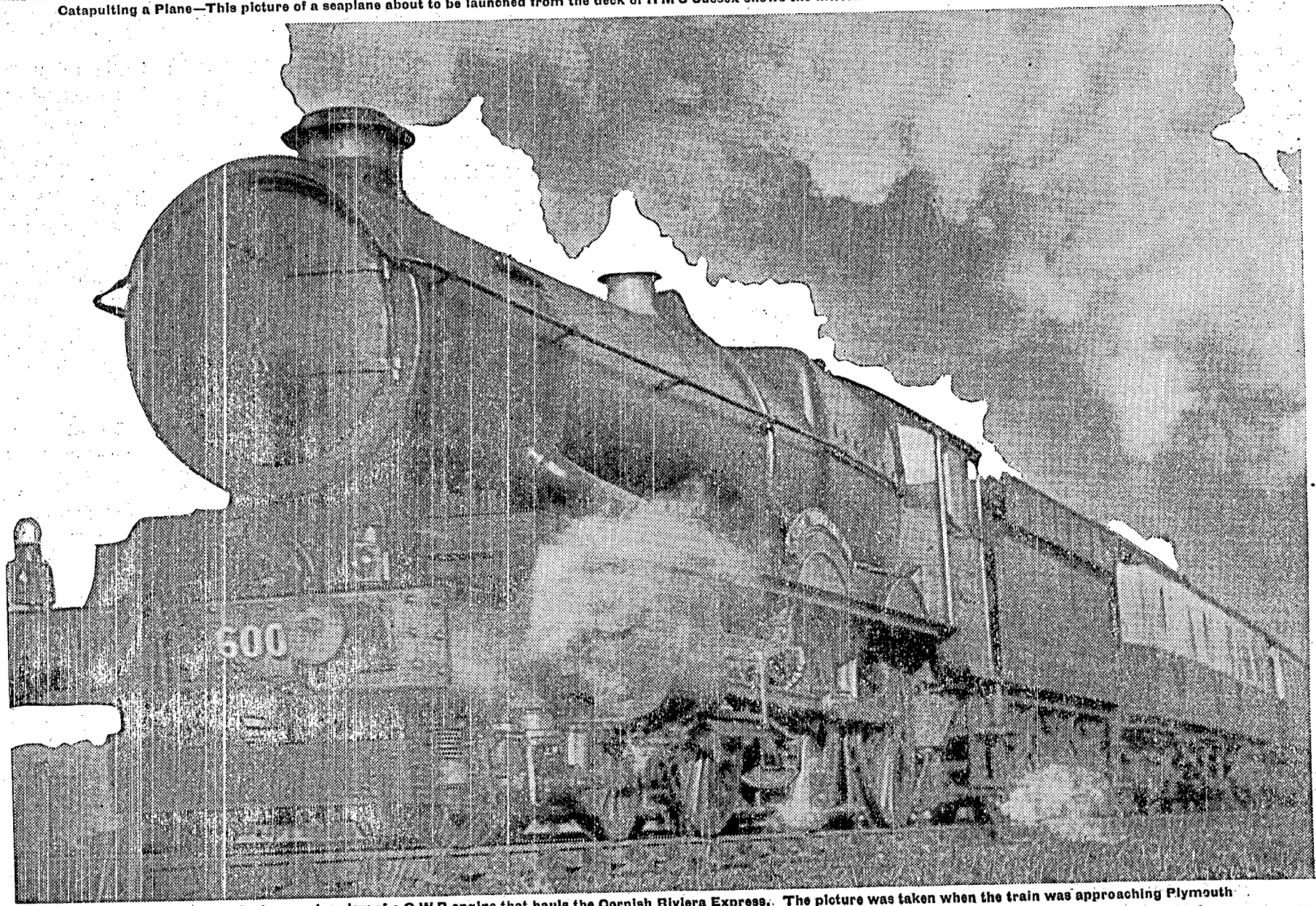
Bishop of Durham



# Seaplane Catapult • Bound For the Cornish Coast



Catapulting a Plane—This picture of a seaplane about to be launched from the deck of H M S Sussex shows the intricate nature of the catapult which sends the machine forth



A Famous Express—An impressive view of a G W R engine that hauls the Cornish Riviera Express. The picture was taken when the train was approaching Plymouth



## FAIR PLAY FOR MINERS

### Higher Pay Promised This Year

#### LORD SANKEY'S WAY OUT

It is good to record that every British miner has been definitely promised an increase of pay.

This promise was made at a national conference of owners and workers, though the miners remain unsatisfied.

The actual average earnings last year amounted roundly to only 40 shillings a week. The increase claimed by the Mineworkers Federation is 2s a week. No one can contend that an average of 42s is anything but moderate pay for arduous and dangerous work which is at the very root of our national prosperity. By coal we live, and it is our plain duty to see to it that those who get coal should be well treated.

In the House of Lords Viscount Sankey, who was recently Lord Chancellor and was the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Coal in 1919, has again raised the question of Coal Nationalisation. He welcomes the nationalisation of the coal itself, already recorded in the C.N., but repeats the verdict he uttered in 1919 that the Mines as well as the Coal should be publicly owned, and worked solely in the national interest.

#### Industrial Coal

In the House of Commons Mr Osbert Peake, chairman of a Yorkshire colliery company, urged:

1. That eight out of every ten tons of coal go directly into industry as its chief raw material.
2. That industry is getting its coal too cheaply.
3. That the price of industrial coal should be raised to enable better wages to be paid.

Lord Sankey would argue that, under his national system, it would be simple to arrange prices to be fair all round. Let us quote some words of his:

*One thing is certain. The miners must have some more wages. You cannot feed your children on promises and you cannot bring up a family on pledges. If I were a miner I would never be a willing worker under such conditions.*

*Necessity might compel me for a time to accept this inadequate wage, but day in and day out, year after year, I would agitate against a condition of affairs in our coalfields which I believe to be unjust to the individual, injurious to my country, and a standing reproach to British business brains.*

## HE THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES

There is a one-legged man among us who did not want his crutches when he had to save a life.

He is Alfred Henry Brenner, a joiner, who was on the beach at Thurso when a woman bather was carried away by the undercurrent of the ebbing tide. A life-belt was thrown, which she caught, but there was no line on it and she was borne out to sea.

The one-legged joiner saw her, and, though the waves were breaking under a high wind, he hopped into the surf on his crutches and started toward the bather. As soon as he was out of his depth he threw his crutches away and swam to the rescue. He had 100 yards to go, but he reached the frightened woman, encouraged her to hold on to the life-belt, and then, grasping it himself, propelled her back to shore.

It was a hard struggle, but he did it. He saved a life. He lost his crutches. But the Carnegie Hero Fund has given him the money to buy a new pair.

## HAS HERR HITLER A HEART?

### A Bitter Letter For Him To Read

*One of the most terrible indictments ever drawn up against any Government is now before the League of Nations.*

*It is the Letter of Resignation sent to the League by Mr James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for Refugees Coming from Germany. We take the following from Mr McDonald's description of the tortured life of about 500,000 people under the Nazi Government.*

Apart from all questions of principle and of religious persecution, one portentous fact confronts the community of States. More than half a million persons, against whom no charge can be made except that they are not what the National Socialists choose to regard as Nordic, are being crushed.

Tens of thousands are anxiously seeking ways to flee abroad; but, except for those prepared to sacrifice the whole or greater part of their savings, the official restrictions on export of capital effectively bar the road to escape, and the doors of most countries are closed against impoverished fugitives.

Progress has been made during the last three years in settling the refugees from Germany. Of more than 80,000 who have already left the Reich approximately three-fourths have now found new homes or have been repatriated to their countries of origin.

#### An Increasing Burden

The denationalisation by the German Government of thousands of German citizens has added to the hardships both of those remaining in Germany and of the refugees, and is an increasing burden on States which have admitted the refugees.

It is being made increasingly difficult for Jews and non-Aryans in Germany to sustain life. Condemned to segregation within the four corners of the legal and social Ghetto which has now closed upon them, they are increasingly prevented from earning their living. Indeed, more than half of the Jews remaining in Germany have already been deprived of their livelihood. In many parts of the country there is a systematic attempt at starvation of the Jewish population. In no field of economic activity is there any security whatsoever.

#### The Scapegoats

Again, as so often during their long heroic and tragic history, the Jewish people are used as the scapegoat for political and partisan purposes. The National Socialists level against them charges of the most outrageous kind.

They ignore all of the facts of the continuous loyalty of the Jews in Germany: for example, during the Empire, when Jews helped to unify Germany and to make it strong; during the war, when a percentage of Jewish youth as high as that of any other religious community in the Reich gave their lives for the Fatherland, and Jewish scientists and men of affairs helped so notably to enable Germany to prolong the struggle; and under the Republic, when Jewish leaders aided in saving Germany from some of the worst effects of defeat. Instead, it has been found useful to attribute to the Jews the responsibility for the misery and dejection which the German people suffered during the last years of the war and the decade that followed.

#### The War Veterans

Though less than a one-hundredth part of the total population, the Jews are held responsible for all the adversity which the German people had to undergo.

Even the Jewish war veterans who fought and were wounded in the front-line trenches have been forced from their positions in the public services, and the names of the Jewish war dead may no longer be engraved on war memorials.

## THE RANK IS BUT THE GUINEA STAMP

### A Look at the King's Honours

In the New Year's list of those whom King and Country delight to honour are the names of many men and women who have won distinction by their simple devotion to duty as they see it.

There are musicians and men of science, engineers and accountants, and not a few who without desire of reward have done what they could to help the poor and the afflicted. There are some who have made their way up from humble beginnings, and there is no higher witness to the reality of the democratic spirit in this free land of ours than this recognition freely afforded to merit wherever it is found.

If we look about us we can see men occupying the highest positions in our social life who have risen from the lowest rungs of the ladder.

#### Lord Reading

We have had one Prime Minister who as a young man was a solicitor, another who was the school-teacher son of a peasant, a third who was a clerk in a Canadian town. There was a field-marshal who had risen from the ranks. There was in Lord Reading a Lord Chief Justice who left his father's office stool to go as a cabin boy in a tramp steamer.

No better example could be found than the one he afforded of a man who forced his way upward by sheer ability and industry and knowledge of men. He was tireless as a barrister who never missed a point. He was a great judge, and in the war his statesmanship was proved.

He proved it again as Viceroy of India, in a most difficult time. He had not seen India since, as a cabin boy, he had landed at Calcutta, and he was met by the full force of Mahatma Gandhi's power. But he left the country happier, richer, and more contented than he found it.

#### The Wheel of Fortune

Lord Reading is one example of the force of British democracy. Another can be found among the women of the Honours List. There are more than 60 of them, but perhaps the name which is most significant is that of Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

A quarter of a century ago she was one of those who fought for Women's Suffrage. In that fierce campaign the fighters chained themselves to railings, went to prison, invented the hunger strike, and were reviled on all hands. But they triumphed, and Christabel Pankhurst, one of their militant leaders, is now a Dame of the British Empire, while her mother has a statue by the Thames. Thus the wheel of fortune turns, and true Democracy is never afraid to admit that it may have been mistaken.

## THE NANSSEN STAMPS

Norway is now issuing postage stamps bearing the head of Nansen.

Each stamp is sold at a surcharge of one-tenth of a Norwegian crown, little more than an English penny, and the profit is handed to the Nansen Office in Geneva.

Norway is the first country to issue these stamps, and it is done under the auspices of the League of Nations to raise funds to continue Nansen's noble work for political refugees.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

|           |                |
|-----------|----------------|
| Bologna   | Bo-lone-yah    |
| Caribbean | Carri-be-an    |
| Cinabue   | Che-mah-boo-ay |
| Mantegna  | Man-tayn-yah   |
| Modena    | Mo-day-nah     |
| Perugino  | Pay-ru-je-no   |

## THE SLOW RIDE TO THE FAST PLANE

### Traffic Problem of the Airport

#### OVERHEAD RAILWAY FOR LONDON?

Passengers who fly the 200 miles between Paris and Croydon in two hours are faced with a ten-mile journey into London which may take an hour.

Traffic congestion is the cause of the delay, and a remarkable proposal has been made for bringing the airport within eight minutes of London. It is suggested that the Bennie Railplane should be used.

This interesting system of transport has been tried at Milngavie near Glasgow, where a short section of track was erected above the L.N.E.R. line a few years ago. The railplane is a streamlined car, built of duralumin, driven by propellers fore and aft. The car runs on an overhead track, from which it is suspended, the wheels of twin bogies on the car's roof running along a single rail. The entire weight is carried by the bogies, although underneath the car there are guide wheels placed horizontally in pairs, one on each side of a guide rail. The purpose of these is to prevent the car swaying sideways when travelling at high speed.

Great steel supports astride the ordinary railway lines support the railplane track, and it is suggested that a similar track be erected above the Southern line between Croydon and Holborn Viaduct. Electric or petrol motors can be used for driving the propellers of the car, which, it is claimed, will travel at more than 100 miles an hour.

## A FATHER HISTORY REMEMBERS

### Passing of De Quincey's Grand-daughter

A strange fate befell Florence Baird Smith, who has just died in London.

Her father and grandfather were famous men, and she herself lived through a great historical episode; but she could remember nothing of all this.

Her mother was the daughter of Thomas De Quincey, who wrote *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*. Her father was Colonel Richard Baird Smith, chief engineer at the Siege of Delhi, the man whose "indomitable courage and determined perseverance" overcame the doubts and fears of the general commanding.

Although badly wounded Baird Smith stuck to his post, and after breaches had been made in the walls Delhi was taken by assault on September 14, 1857. He died four years later, when De Quincey had been dead two years.

Florence Baird Smith was born at Roorki a few weeks before the Mutiny broke out, and before she was five she had lost both her famous grandfather and her heroic father.

It must often have grieved her to think that she could not remember her father, but her comfort was that history would not forget him.

## TWO FRIENDS OF BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND

Two more pieces of England have been saved for the nation, 100 acres in Derbyshire and 31 in Somerset.

Another 100 acres of beautiful Dove-dale has been given to the nation by Mr Hodgson Kerfoot.

Bristol has been saved from the danger of the Avon Gorge being spoiled by quarrying on the Somerset side of the wooded cliffs, the cliffs having been bought by Mr Melville Wills and given to the National Trust.

## DERELICTS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

### The Mess That Nobody Cleans Up

#### MORE WORK FOR IDLE HANDS

Someone will have to write us a poem on deserted factories, after the manner of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

Such uglifications are only too common in many parts of our land, and we are glad to see that the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is pressing for legislation to control and remove such eyesores. In the mining areas the derelict upper works of disused mines are as serious a blemish as the many disused oil derricks are in the United States.

Fortunately it is not difficult to deal with coal tips, for they can be covered with earth and planted with trees and shrubs, as many of them have been, and they could even be tipped into our gaping quarries, as we suggested long ago.

The proposal is now made that power should be taken to compel owners to tidy up or altogether to remove derelict buildings of all sorts. This reform might extend to fencings and hoardings and to the general question of rubbish-heaps and litter.

It has always been to us a source of great astonishment that certain people (quarrymen, builders, and so on) are allowed to do what they will with the countryside and leave their mess for years and generations. All this is essentially one of the things our unemployed army could be used for.

For many years a Yorkshire wool merchant has made great humbugs (some of them weighing over 5 lbs) and sold them on Bradford Stock Exchange for the benefit of poor children. Up to the New Year he had raised £3000 in this way.

## THE NATIVE'S GOOD DEED

### To Save the Aeroplane

Into the Native Commissioner's office at Durban strode a Natal native with a smile on his face and a parcel in his hand.

Many a Native has done the same, but behind this man's visit is a tale of an unusual sense of duty. In the parcel was an aeroplane's wireless aerial. This unnamed ignorant fellow had picked up the long snake of copper wire in the Valley of a Thousand Hills, twenty miles away.

At first it must have mystified him. But, applying a high degree of intelligence to the examination of his find, he decided that it must be some part of an aeroplane that had dropped there. Some, we think, might have retained such a useful and valuable bit of metal; others might have gone so far as to hand it in to a police station.

But this Native, dimly arguing to himself that if it was part of an aeroplane the plane might be in danger, made up his mind that it ought to be returned to the airmen. He did not know where they were, but he was sure the Native Commissioner was better informed.

So to save the aeroplane he made a parcel of the aerial and walked all the way to Durban to hand it over.

#### WORLD FRIENDSHIP ESSAYS

For the second time an international essay competition will give young people from 15 to 23 the opportunity to add their contribution to the solution of world problems.

Boys and girls of many lands may compete in their own language for the prizes and medals offered for essays on Christ and World Friendship; the seniors are to consider especially What should the Churches and in particular my Church do for world peace?

Particulars of the competition, which closes next June, can be obtained from the World Alliance at 1 Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

## STRATOSPHERE MEN AND THE SPORES

### A Wonderful Thing

When Captain Stevens and Captain Andrews made their 72,393-foot ascent into the stratosphere they took up some spores of plant diseases.

The aeronauts were in a sealed sphere. The spores were not, but they survived experiences sufficient to kill any human being, and, having returned to Earth, are now growing again.

They went through temperatures 65 degrees below zero, and low atmospheric pressures far more deadly. They were played on by fierce ultra-violet rays that never reach the Earth, and would kill some forms of life if they did. Ozone bathed without poisoning them; they suffered extreme dryness.

Still they lived. Their toughness makes us understand how the diseases of wheat may be borne through the air and are so hard to dispel. It also calls back to mind the queer idea of Lord Kelvin that life in the form of spores might have come to Earth on meteorites.

## BEATING THE EARTH

### A Mighty Magnet For Splitting the Atom

Having no further use for a giant electro-magnet weighing 58 tons, lately used by an American wireless station, the U.S. authorities have given it to Columbia University to use in the splitting of atoms.

It is hoped to disintegrate the atoms of heavy elements such as gold and platinum. Possibly radio-active agents more powerful but cheaper than radium may be produced. The magnet creates a magnetic field 75,000 times greater than that of our Earth.

It would not be the United States if it did not do the thing on an unparalleled scale of magnitude!

## TRANSPORT FLAW

### Something For Mr Hore-Belisha To Look Into

#### THE ONE-MAN LORRY

The poor boy of 14 who was killed by a monster motor-lorry the other day will not have died in vain if the Ministry of Transport acts on the advice of the coroner who conducted the sad inquest.

The lorry was one of those road-trains with which we have become unhappily familiar, a giant affair with eight wheels. It was in charge of one man, and witnesses declared that the victim would not have been run over if there had been even a van boy on the look-out.

The coroner urged that the law should be altered to compel all such vehicles to carry a driver's mate or a van boy. For our part, we plead that the mate should be at least 16 years old.

It is questionable whether the law should not go farther and put a reasonable limit to the weight, width, and length of road lorries. It is not fair to the community for exceptional people to overtax the common roads, and we have frequently seen dangerous situations arising from mechanical giants on the road, especially those that puff off steam and throw traffic into a sudden fog.

#### THE N.R.A. IS DEAD

The N.R.A. (Mr Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration) has ceased to function, its few remaining duties having been undertaken by Government departments.

Its Codes of fair competition which were its chief feature were pronounced illegal by the court last May, and its dissolution is the natural consequence.

All the same the N.R.A. was a great idea, and, like all great ideas, it is certain to emerge in some form or other in the future history of a great commercial country like America.

**PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP**

**NEWFOUNDLAND ROADS**  
The Newfoundland Government will undertake a big road-building scheme this year to help the industrial development of the country and encourage tourists.

**CANYON EXPLORED**  
The 6000 feet deep gorge through which the Salmon River flows in Idaho, described recently in the C.N., has been successfully explored and photographed for the first time.

**WINTER WORK**  
Eskimos in Greenland are now pounding frozen seal blubber and storing it in vats. In summer the Sun will melt this into oil, which will be put into casks and shipped.

**LOCUSTS IN EGYPT**  
Locusts are reported to have appeared at the oases of Kharga and Dakhla in the Libyan Desert.

**A LAKE AND ITS FISH**  
Lake Sibayi, the biggest freshwater lake in South Africa, is being stocked with black bass. These fishes multiply rapidly, so that the 40,000 Africans living in the district, who suffer from famines, should now be more secure in their food supply.

**KABRU CONQUERED**  
Kabru, a Himalaya peak 24,017 feet high, has been climbed for the first time. The summit was reached by Mr C. R. Cook, a Calcutta engineer, after his companion was forced to return by intense cold.

**SEARCH FOR DESERT GOLD**  
An expedition equipped with an autogiro and two motor-vans has left Kalgoorlie to search for new goldfields over a wide area of desert.

**BROADCASTS FROM JAPAN**  
Special radio programmes intended for listeners in Siberia, India, and South America are to be transmitted by the Tokyo Broadcasting Corporation.

**AFTER MANY YEARS**  
An attempt is being made near the island of Elba to raise art treasures which were taken from Italian collections on Napoleon's orders. The ship taking them to France sank in 450 feet of water. See news columns.

**ACROSS THE ICE-FLOES**  
A Russian steamer trapped in the ice seven miles off Sakhalin Island was in danger of being crushed, so 100 passengers and crew walked ashore over moving ice-floes.

**GOOD NEWS OF THE SEALS**  
Now that the senseless slaughter of the seals of the Southern Pacific has ceased they are increasing rapidly in numbers. In 1911 there were about 250,000. Today there are three millions, thanks to the treaty of protection made 24 years ago between Great Britain, USA, and Japan.

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 11 1936

## It Has Come True

Among all the wise things that have been said in these anxious days we may wonder if there have been any wiser and simpler than these words of Lord Allen of Hurtwood, speaking of the great decision of the League to apply Sanctions against an aggressor State.

NATIONS have met in the past to form alliances in the hope that they might prevent a war. But the procedure at the League Council is something utterly new in the history of civilisation. As one after another the representatives of each country spoke the simple word Yes, mankind witnessed the birth of law between nations.

It has come true at last. For thousands of years war has dominated civilisation. During century after century men have longed in vain for some means of keeping the peace. Now they have found the method. We may have felt it intolerable that the procedure should have lingered so haltingly, yet there is something almost majestic in the process of law applied for the first time in the dealing of nations with each other.

The tragedy of the moment is grim enough, but the hope far greater. Just when it seemed as though mercy, liberty, and humane conduct were to be driven out of the world, when prisoners were tortured in concentration camps, and personal dictators were bestriding the life of civilised peoples, the nations have pulled themselves up and called a halt.

The establishment of world law, the demonstration that violence shall not after all have its way, will give us the chance to bring back the rule of justice, compassion, and fair dealing; not merely to the society of nations but to the domestic life of each country.

It may have been done clumsily and after far too long a delay, but done it has been. Next time (and there need be no next time) sanctions will not be required, for the simple reason that when nations know without doubt that he who breaks the law will be met by the preponderant power of all his neighbours there will be no more war. *This time we have to stop war; in future we can prevent it.*

We have long insisted that if Britain would lead the League would live. That has proved true. If our country will continue this leadership, then we may see a new peace settlement which will heal the wounds left by the Great War and turn the League to the constructive services of peace. We have known all along that this will prove a more reliable guarantee against war in future than all the force of the world combined.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Girl Who Was Too Busy

Perhaps this is the best of all the Christmas stories from the shops.

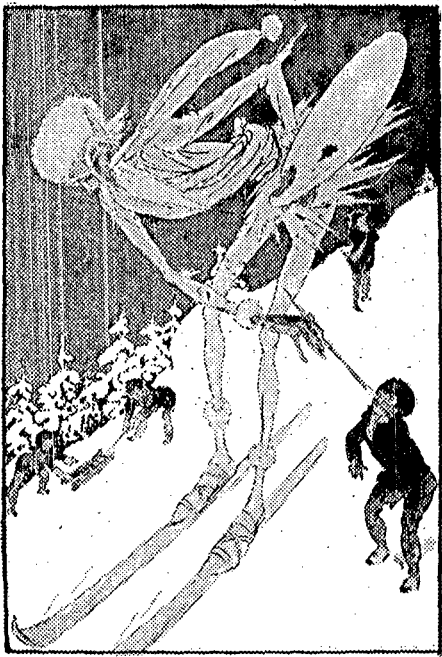
A LADY friend of the C N went to a big store and ordered 35s worth of sweets, giving a greeting with each address.

As she handed the slips in for each box she begged the girl to see that the slips went into the proper boxes, whereupon:

*We do our best, madam, but at Christmas time we cannot guarantee it!*

The C N lady thereupon guaranteed the slips going into the proper boxes by taking her order across the street.

January



Jack Frost brings the Snow By J. R. Monsell

## On the Side of the Fairies

ONCE again there is a controversy over fairies. A theatrical manager declares that in future he will banish all fairies from his productions. Even the fairy godmother is to go! He believes the modern child disdains the idea of Fairyland, and prefers to be entertained with aeroplanes.

It happens that we ourselves have never troubled much with fairies, that the C N lives on the idea that the real world is far more wonderful than any fairy world, yet we would not willingly let the fairies go. May it not be that the lovely realm of the imagination is perhaps the most real of all? What is solid and material may perish, but fancy endures from age to age.

## A Happy New Year To the C N

ARE you not the happiest man in the world, Mr Editor?

*By no means.*

What would make you the happiest man in the world, Mr Editor?

*Perhaps if every reader of the C N would get another reader in 1936.*

What better encouragement to the young than to be able to tell them that happiness keeps breaking through!

J. M. Barrie

## A Thought For the Idle Man

HERE is another step forward in social progress:

All the 18 million people among us who are insured against sickness under the National Health Insurance Acts will be from this month *continued in health benefits but released from need to make the ordinary weekly contributions while unemployed.*

To secure this new right all the insured person has to do when unemployed is that, when registering as wanting work, he should present his Health Insurance contribution card week by week for franking. At the end of the half-year the franked card should be sent to his Approved Society.

## Tip-Cat



You don't see men with big moustaches nowadays, says a writer. They must be very big.

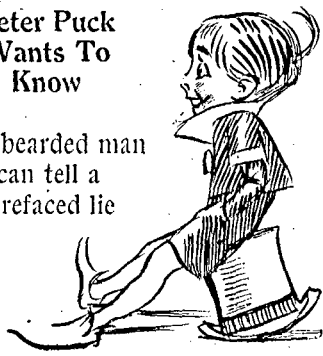
A MAN declares he can't stand the racket of modern life. Well, he needn't play tennis.

THERE is an underground river beneath the Bank of England. But it is more than a river bank.

RAIN is a topic of conversation in England. Why not let it drop?

## Peter Puck Wants To Know

If a bearded man can tell a barefaced lie



PARTIES are very much in the air just now. We prefer ours in the house.

AT this time of the year, says a doctor, sore throats come with a vengeance. Thought they usually came with a cold.

A FAMOUS violinist is to have a two-years rest. Hope some suburban aspirants will follow suit.



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

EARPHONES for the deaf are to be provided in London schools.

THE British steel output last year was probably the biggest ever known.

MR HORE-BELISHA's campaign saved 822 lives last year compared with 1934.

## JUST AN IDEA

You cannot imagine, said a German arriving in London the other day, how it feels to be able to say what you like without thinking. It is worth while to think about it.

## The Nazi's Creed

In future Jewish names must not be inscribed on German war memorials.

I PURGE the race on Monday, It's Get-Jews-on-the-run-day.

I'm busier still on Tuesday, It's Mustn't-trade-with-Jews-day.

I make them quake on Wednesday, Attack-with-poison-pens-day.

I'm up betimes on Thursday, No-work-for-Ghetto-curs-day.

I pant a lot on Friday, It's Beat-them-till-they-cry-day.

I'm quite worn out on Saturday, It's Leave-them-not-a-tatter-day.

No time for prayers on Sunday, It's Never-let-them-rest-day.

Janet Farwell

## How They Dressed Edward the Sixth

FIRST a shirt was taken up by the Chief Equerry-in-Waiting,

Who passed it to the First Lord of the Buckhounds,

Who passed it to the Second Gentleman of the Bedchamber,

Who passed it to the Head Ranger of Windsor Forest,

Who passed it to the Chancellor Royal of the Duchy of Lancaster,

Who passed it to the Master of the Wardrobe,

Who passed it to the Norroy King-of-Arms,

Who passed it to the Constable of the Tower,

Who passed it to the Chief Steward of the Household,

Who passed it to the Hereditary Grand Diaperer,

Who passed it to the Lord High Admiral of England,

Who passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury,

Who passed it to the First Lord of the Bedchamber,

Who put it on the young King.

Mark Twain

## Who Are the Victors?

Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say: Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success of the day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst, Or the Persians of Xerxes? His judges or Pilate, or Christ?

William Wetmore Story

## The Earthquake Pill

I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which, as he told country people, were very good against an earthquake. Addison

## A Word From Shakespeare

To a Certain Dictator

Happy thou art not; For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get, And what thou hast, forget'st.

Measure for Measure



## JOHN OF GAUNT'S FOREST

### The Land King Richard Stole

Burdened by the cost of fire-watchers, and by the necessity to super-vise the increasing number of cars and charabancs, the Conservators of Ashdown Forest are in sore need of funds.

Perhaps the fact that there is talk of new roads through the forest justifies the hope with which they look to the Government, as well as to generous local effort, to help them through their difficulties.

They have left to their care 6400 acres of the 120 by 30 miles which the forest comprised when it spread across a great part of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. A royal domain, it descended to John of Gaunt, and was part of the estate seized at his death by Richard the Second.

### The Duke of York's Protest

It was this seizure of the property of Henry Bolingbroke that Shakespeare used as the original cause of the tragic fate of Richard the Second. The uncle of both, the Duke of York, made an immediate protest; in the play he says:

*If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts.*

Richard proved obdurate and Henry of Hereford landed in England to claim his due. Before the year was ended the king had surrendered to him not only his heritage but the crown of England itself.

The forest of Ashdown remained in the royal family until the reign of Charles the Second, when it was delivered over to the speculators. The last remnant, acres instead of miles, is precious as one of our few remaining woodland paradises open to the public.

## PRIVATE WAR IN U.S.A

### Industrial Freebooters

Here in Britain we still know strikes and lockouts great and small, but such industrial troubles are rarely accompanied by violence, and we are free from the professional strike-breaker.

In the United States, however, industrial war is still carried on with the assistance of professionals, and each year brings its sad record of killings and woundings.

There are a number of old or well-established firms who can supply American business at any moment with:

Men and women who pose as ordinary employees, but who are really spies on their fellows, furnishing reports on their conduct.

Men and women who can be brought in at short notice to keep a works going during a strike.

Men, big men, armed, ready to act as private soldiers to protect blacklegs and property.

The first of these categories, the spies, are called Boots. The second category, known to us as "blacklegs," are in America Finks. The big bullies, who are ready to fight for their masters, are called Captains or Nobles.

A strike-preventing agency will even supply "employees," who, introduced into a factory, will agitate against agitators!

A nation which tolerates the free employment of such methods can hardly be surprised if its public law is held in such private contempt that the criminal flourishes as nowhere else in the world.

The first American strike-breaker was a Scot named Allan Pinkerton, who migrated to America in 1842 and established a detective agency which became famous. He had the honour of guarding President Lincoln.

Later he organised the first band of professional strike-breakers.

## THE SUN AND YOUR WIRELESS SET

### Short Waves Cut Off

Five times last year the Sun interfered in a singular way with wireless.

The interference was as regular as it was singular. It took place at an interval of 54 days, which is twice the length of the Sun's day, or the time in which, like the Earth, it takes to turn round.

At these intervals all short-wave transmission was cut out over the half of our globe illuminated by the Sun. This occurred in March, May, July, August, and October. The interference was predicted by watchers of the Sun on the last occasion, October 24.

On that day it was discovered that the layer in the upper atmosphere which reflects radio waves, and is ordinarily 150 miles above the Earth's surface, lifted to 290 miles.

Before the first interruption happened a group of dark rain-like clouds had been observed on the Sun. They did not form a sunspot, but seemed rather to signalise some explosion on the surface.

The puzzle about the effect these explosion clouds produced (if they really were the cause of it) is why it was perceived, not at every 27-day revolution of the Sun, when the disturbance came round again, but only on every second revolution.

## TEN POINTS FOR GREEN EATERS

One of our medical officers of health sends us these Ten Points concerning Green Eaters.

After reading Green Eater's letter with much enjoyment I feel prompted to suggest this Ten-Point Programme for Green Eaters.

1. I shall not waste any Green food, not even the Green tops of celery.
2. I shall not be frightened by cooked caterpillars or by crawling creatures in watercress.
3. I shall never spoil the food-value of Greens by unscientific cooking.
4. I shall never put soda in the water for cooking Greens.
5. I shall always cook Greens by steaming or in plain water.
6. I shall not waste the water in which the Greens have been cooked.
7. I shall use the Green water for gravy or for soup.
8. I shall eat Greens daily for dinner, with meat or fish or any other proteid.
9. I shall eat as much Greens as potatoes.
10. Summer and winter I shall have, either at midday or in the evening, some green salad such as lettuce, watercress, celery, or spinach.

Point 2 reminds us of the little poem about Martha the Mirthful Maggot, who hides in lettuce so that

*When you salad sup you chump her up  
And swallow her down inside!*

We suggest as an additional all-important point:

*11. I shall always wash all green stuff thoroughly.*

## HOW JAPAN IS BUYING A RAILWAY

Russia has recently sold her share in the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japan, and it is interesting to note that another big case of barter has arisen from the transaction.

Russia has agreed to take payment largely in goods, including oil-ships, tugboats, motor-boats, trawlers, barges, traction engines, Diesel engines, turbines, and electrical machinery.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

|                                  |      |
|----------------------------------|------|
| Painting by Corot . . . . .      | £441 |
| Portrait by Dürer . . . . .      | £420 |
| Portrait by Reynolds . . . . .   | £315 |
| Chinese dinner-service . . . . . | £190 |
| Ch'ien Lung jade vase . . . . .  | £150 |
| Bronze figure by Rodin . . . . . | £121 |

## A PARSON DOWN EAST

### Voices On Tower Hill

A crowd gathered on Tower Hill was listening to an orator denouncing and ridiculing religion and everyone connected with it. When he ended there was a burst of applause.

Then one of his hearers asked if he might say a few words on the subject.

"If I could clear away yonder high building," he began, "and the masts and funnels of the ships beyond the buildings, I should reveal an old house in which lives a man who has been known to sleep in his clothes for a fortnight on end, and to go without his own food that he might be of help to you. Who is he?"

A hundred voices cried out at once, "Father Wainwright."

"And if we took a walk up yonder and visited a certain tenement where lives a woman who works night and day to do you good, visits your homes, arranges for your wife's convalescence, sends your children away into the country for a holiday, and has often redeemed your goods from pawn and paid your rent when you had no money to do so, who should we find?"

"Mary Hughes!" cried another voice.

### The Tables Turned

Reminders of a few more Christian men and women well known and loved in the East End of London entirely dispelled the effect of the agitator's fierce denunciations. The audience agreed enthusiastically that religion and the Bible were good.

The speaker who thus turned the tables was our friend the Rev George Dempster, a stout builder-up of the Kingdom of Heaven in the East End streets. In his book *Finding Men For Christ*, published by Hodder & Stoughton (1s or 2s 6d), he tells of some of his experiences on the joyful quest. He has been in many tight corners; but with such a man difficulties count for nothing beside the happiness of bringing fellow-men within reach of the Kingdom of Heaven.

## MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

### Relics of Keats

Some treasures have been found in Spain more precious than gold.

They are relics of Keats—a lock of his hair, a miniature of the poet, and a life-mask (a plaster cast taken from a face in life). There are also four holograph letters, one of them written by Keats to his young sister Fanny advising her how to answer some Scripture questions set to her by a clergyman.

As their father and mother were dead, and the girl was living with guardians, John took a great interest in her welfare. The letter shows his knowledge of the Psalms and the Prophets, but he cannot keep grave for long, and signs himself Your affectionate parson John.

Another letter is a note of farewell to Fanny which Keats, too ill to write, dictated on the eve of sailing for Italy, where he died.

Fanny was the only one of the family who lived to old age. She married Valentin Llanos, a Spanish man of letters, and made her home in Spain. All her life, until she passed on at 86, she valued the relics of the brother who had been so kind to her.

For some years Mr Edgcombe, curator of the Keats Museum at Hampstead, has been endeavouring to trace the descendants of the Keats family, and his success led to the discovery of these valuable relics in Madrid. Fanny's Spanish descendants have generously promised that they shall become the property of the British nation.

German inventors have made a new metal alloy resembling silver, to replace copper and brass, thus reducing the price of motor-cars.

## EXPLORERS UP IN THE AIR

### Looking For What is Down in the Mines

There is good news of progress in both the Rhodesias.

Northern Rhodesia has balanced its budget and reduced taxes while improving its communications and education; Southern Rhodesia is compiling a geological map which will greatly help its mineral development.

This map will be a remarkable one, for it will be formed of a thousand photographs which have been taken from aeroplanes flying over a thousand square miles. Many of these photographs are stereoscopic, with the result that the physical features of the country are thrown up in high relief, and consequently faulting in the rock formation can be detected with ease.

Miners will be able to examine these photographs before setting out to prospect for minerals, and thus save months in searching for those strata in which valuable minerals lie.

So great has been the progress in mining in Southern Rhodesia (production being valued at £6,000,000 last year as against a little over £4,000,000 ten years ago) that there is actually a shortage of skilled miners. Some unemployed Cornish miners have already set out for the goldmines of the colony, and at the United Party Congress at Gwelo a plea was made for the importation of other skilled miners from this country.

## CHRISTOPHER TELLS A STORY

In order to keep Christopher moderately still during rest time his mother reads to him, but she was delighted when he said the other day, "Don't bother to read to me, Mother; I'm going to make up a story of my own. If it's an access I'll tell it you afterwards."

"Was the story a success?" his mother asked later.

"Yes," he said, "it was a good story. It was about a picture book that was tired of being looked at. People kept coming and picking it up and looking at it. So it said, 'Why should people always look at books, and books never look at people? So it jumped off the table and ran into the street, and began to look at people.'

"The people couldn't bear it. They told the policemen to catch it, and the soldiers, and the firemen, but they couldn't. The book ran about looking at people, and they fell down in the mud and tumbled in the river because they were so surprised when the book shouted, 'People look at books, why shouldn't books look at people?'

"It had lots of adventures; I can't remember them all, but at last some Scouts caught it and shut it in a drawer, and that was the end of it."

Mother praised the story, with cunning intent, and next afternoon suggested that he should tell himself another.

"No, thank you," he said; "I'm going to rest my brains today."

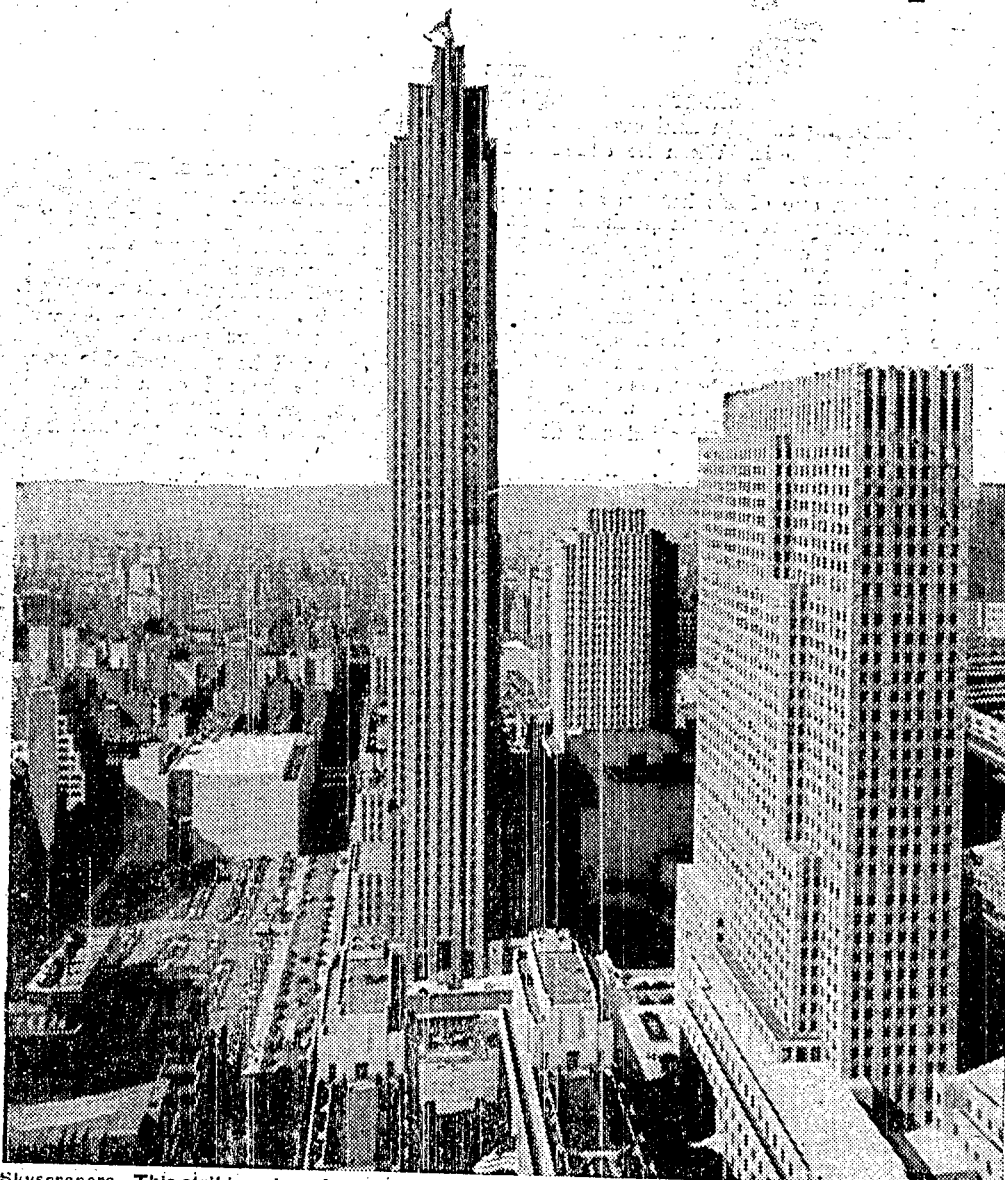
## WHAT MR URBAN HAS DONE

Mr Emil Urban of Bremerton, Washington, U.S.A., has a garden 25 miles long.

No, Mr Urban is not a multi-millionaire with a great estate to beautify; he is a business man of quite ordinary means, and his hobby is beautifying the country roads of his State. For ten years he has spent his spare time planting flowers along the roadside in his own county, with the result that 25 miles of beauty now exist where formerly weeds held sway.

"Never have I seen so many begging children as in Moscow," said Mr George Hart of Glasgow on his return from a tour through Russia and Siberia.

# New York Skyscrapers • Girl Piper



Skyscrapers—This striking view of modern New York architecture shows the 850-foot Radio Corporation Building, with the RCA Building in the background and a new Italian building on the right.



Girl Piper—A member of the famous band of pipers which was formed a few years ago among the girls on the L.C.C. housing estate at Dagenham in Essex. They are to visit America shortly.

## NEWS FROM CAESAR'S LONDON A ROMAN TOWER

Work That is Enriching the  
City's Past and Future

### TOWER HILL IMPROVEMENT

One of the finest pieces of work now being done for posterity in London is the Tower Hill Improvement, with the Prince of Wales at the head of it, "Tubby" Clayton of Toc H inspiring it, Lord Wakefield helping to pay for it, and everybody interested in it.

It will be a wonderful contribution to the beauty of the City in the future, but there comes out of it all a wonderful piece of news from the Past; the discovery of a Roman tower, throwing new light on the defences of Roman London. The foundations and parts of the walls of a Roman tower, built against the inside of the wall itself, have been found under a cellar floor.

### Walls Three Feet Thick

This tower is about 17 feet wide with walls three feet thick, and is built of the same materials as the main wall. There are three layers of Roman bricks at the base, stone from Kent bound by hard mortar resting on this course.

There is little doubt that the tower was built at the same time as the wall, but whether it was built as an ordinary guard tower or as one of two towers defending a gateway cannot yet be proved. Its date is early in the second century, when London was being established as one of the great provincial cities of the Empire of the Caesars.

The nearest tower on the wall is the Wardrobe Tower in the grounds of the Tower of London, while twice as far in the other direction stands Aldgate.

Though the Tower of London as we know it was built as the Conqueror's London House, it is a curious fact that the name of the Caesars seems to have clung to it. Shakespeare refers in Richard the Second to the Norman castle as the work of Julius Caesar. In a street leading to the Tower his queen awaits the doomed Richard, and says:

*This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.*

King Richard approaches to say farewell in the street, for it was to Pomfret, not to the Tower of London, that he was taken in the end.

### The Postern Gate

We do not know what street Shakespeare was thinking of when he was writing this moving scene, but it may have been the west-to-east highway through the City which passed out through the postern gate in the medieval wall. We know from Old Stow, who studied the antiquities of London when Shakespeare was a young man, that the ruins of this gate still stood when he lived in Aldgate; but neither Stow nor Shakespeare saw the Roman work which is now believed to have been its forerunner. Houses soon encroached on its site, but the name Postern Row recalled the great eastern gate of London Wall until 1894, when these houses in turn were pulled down to make room for the Approach Road to Tower Bridge and Postern Row disappeared from London's Directory.

### BEWARE OF THE TOY BALLOON

Not for the first time the cheap toy balloon has proved to be dangerous.

When a child inhales to prepare for a good blow the balloon may be drawn into the throat. This happened to a girl at Gateshead, and the poor child was found unconscious with the toy lodged tightly in her throat, an operation failing to save her life.

## PITY THE MUSICIAN

Wasting His Talent on  
the Desert Air

### HOW THE BBC BEGAN THE YEAR

We all know that the worm will turn, and we must admit that the musicians of the B.B.C., honoured members of the highest order of living creatures, are entitled to turn upon their employers when set to make extraordinary noises.

Indeed, what greater misfortune is imaginable than for a fine player to be set to use a lovely violin to make the night hideous?

### Effect of Modern Music

The Royal Society of Musicians had a luncheon party during the holidays, and among the guests was Mr E. W. Hinchliff, who is a player on the contra-bassoon, and we all know what that instrument can do if put to it!

Mr Hinchliff does not like the modern composers who so often delight the B.B.C. authorities while failing to delight the intelligent public. He declared that the continual playing of modernist music "turned the unlucky performers into broken-down, nerve-racked, shell-shocked, dyspeptic epileptics." Delighted with the applause greeting this fine derangement of adjectives, he proceeded:

I can see a day approaching when we shall find street performers bearing placards inscribed:

*Deaf, Dumb, and Blind through  
contemporary Music.*

His appeal to the B.B.C. is, "As you are strong, be merciful."

We have often wondered what the performers think as they administer modern musical shocks to the public, and now we know.

### The Two Extremes

To speak quite seriously, why does the B.B.C. treat music in extremes? At the one end we have much time given to pretentious modernists. At the other end we have much time given up to badly selected jazz. Between these extremes we have inadequately rehearsed pedestrian performances of real music, obviously suffering from lack of care.

We suggest once more that no note of music should be broadcast that is not the best of its kind, performed after adequate rehearsal by skilled musicians.

Especially we suggest that the B.B.C. should consider whether it was called upon to produce all these modern noises which disgrace the name of music. We do not forget that, after closing the Old Year with an impressive service at St Paul's, the Announcer, after a pause of two minutes, began the New Year with "the first programme of 1936." Then came Jazz.

### 500 YEARS OF NARRACOTTS

In the year 1440 Alexander Narracott became sexton of Stoke Gabriel Parish Church in South Devon, and from that date for a period of nearly 500 years a Narracott has been sexton of this church.

Recently the sexton died, and the Church Council found that the only surviving male member of this family was Edward, aged 21. They gave him the post, and so the name may be continued well into the present century.

### IF HE HAD BEEN BORN A GERMAN

Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Principal of Birmingham University, sends this note to The Times.

It is worth while remembering, when the nation mourns the loss of a great public servant, that if the late Lord Reading had been born a German citizen he would have rendered, so long as he was allowed, the same services as he gave to Great Britain, and then he would have been hounded out of the country that he had served, to become a penniless and broken-hearted exile.



# IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN COOK

The Joseph Conrad's 30,000 Miles

## BOYS SAILING ROUND THE WORLD

In late autumn last year the 203-ton Joseph Conrad set her sails from Ipswich to follow Captain James Cook. Half her journey is done. She has arrived in Sydney Harbour, passing between the Heads which Captain Cook first saw nearly 200 years ago. At dawn of one of the last days of the Old Year she dropped her anchor in the noble harbour which the great circumnavigator named Port Jackson.

The little ship, since she passed down the Suffolk Orvell in October 1934, had sailed nearly 30,000 miles to reach her haven, and in the 14 months had been almost as lost to sight as Captain Cook had been so long before.

### The Two Cabin Boys

Times change. Cook's Endeavour, though only 370 tons, was not a small ship for her day. The Joseph Conrad, not so very small beside her, could not be carried on the sun-deck of our new liner the Queen Mary. But she is a miniature full-rigged ship, the last of British sailing ship afloat.

Cook's ship carried a crew of 85. The Joseph Conrad, with an Australian skipper, Alan Villiers, has a crew of 15, with 12 apprentices and two cabin boys who, before they left Ipswich, were nicknamed Stormalong and Hardcase.

The skipper said before his ship started that the object of the voyage, besides that of following in the wake of Captain Cook, was to teach the apprentices the art of sail and to make sailors of them. There would not be much risk of failure on a voyage like this, but it would be hard work.

Captain and crew had it in plenty after they had put out to sea; and we fancy none liked it better than the cabin boys, Stanley Goodchild, who is Stormalong, and Jimmie Fuller, better known as Hardcase. They have crossed the Atlantic twice, and rounded Cape Horn in wintry weather, sighting the glaciers first seen by Magellan. North and South American ports, where they came and went without fuss, have caught fleeting glimpses of them. The voyage from Singapore to Sydney took 131 days in sailing winds and rain every day but one.

### High Adventure

Stormy days and much buffeting have been their portion. They must often have felt lonely on the wide oceans; and when the liner appeared it must have been an event. The liners must have wondered at first where the little ship with square rigged sails was sailing for. The boys could have told them. They were seeking the wonder port of High Adventure.

Their voyage is not ended. The Joseph Conrad will still be sailing all this year. She will pass the thousand islands that strew the turquoise waters of the Coral Sea. Sea-snakes will fly in front of her as she passes up the Torres Strait. New Zealand will welcome her.

Before the ship comes back the boys will have added volcanoes smoking in Eastern seas, strange vessels of Pacific Islanders and the East Indies to their store of memories. Boys we have called them. Before the Trade Winds waft the Joseph Conrad home they will be men, British seamen.

### FISHY

Germany, which has a high reputation for dyes, has lowered it by base uses; some of her people have been dyeing the humble cod so as to resemble smoked salmon and then sending it to Austria at a higher price!

The substitutes have been found out in Vienna, and the Viennese have been strongly recommended to eat less fish if it is German.

# A BOND STREET HUMOUR SHOW

ALL AGES DRAWING PICTURES

A Good Laugh in Aid of the Distressed Areas

## CASTLE HEDINGHAM CAMP

The generous heart and the ingenious brain behind the work of Castle Heddingham Scout Camp has once again given us a fine show in Bond Street, where all the talents and all ages are represented in the Exhibition of Amateur Art at Agnew's Galleries.

Everyone who goes to see it helps one of the best schemes now working to solve the unemployed problem.

There is a glowing picture of Hampstead Heath by a boy of six and a painting of a vase of flowers by an old lady of ninety. In between there are oils and watercolours and black-and-white drawings by amateurs of every age and every degree of accomplishment.

Such a riot of colour is seldom seen on the distinguished walls of Agnew's, and the highest notes are reached by the youngest exhibitors.

### A Dazzling Portrait

The critic hesitates to pick and choose among them, but among those which first caught his eye were a dazzling portrait of Henry the Eighth, properly placed close by the Loch Ness Monster. The monster is being fed from the bank, and the scene is clearly a reminiscence of the Zoo.

Other pictures inspired by familiar happenings are a number which have caught the spirit of the Jubilee, and the King and Queen figure in many. The Emperor of Abyssinia has caught the fancy of one schoolboy artist.

These are juvenile efforts. The show of 453 pictures is divided into sections of ages, and into works by the experienced and the inexperienced. Girls' schools and preparatory schools contribute team efforts; and among the experienced candidates there is work of a high order.

Among the School Teams we notice particularly a humorous group of three: Shopping for Mother; The Garden, Oakhill, by the Oakhill Girl Guides; and The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and has her studio at Berkhamsted. An inexperienced young lady sends a fine Jungle, and another young artist has a pencil study of a horse which shows real promise.

### New Forest Ponies

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the more experienced artists, but must specially note Key Haven, Milford-on-Sea; a Wire-haired Terrier; and New Forest Ponies, full of life and vigour.

The Castle Heddingham Scout Camp needs no introduction to the C.N., which has sent it many £10 Notes to set unemployed men to work. As our readers know, it gives Scout training to men from the distressed areas. The work began five years ago with a camp at Castle Heddingham in Essex organised by Miss Majendie, and other camps have followed. More than 600 men have now been trained, and nearly all are doing well; it is one of the magnificent examples of what can be done when you try, and should be an inspiration to the Government in getting rid of the long-drawn-out disgrace of our Distressed Areas.

### HAPPIER MALAYA

There have been fewer cases of serious crime in Malaya than for 30 years.

Fewer unemployed, better trade, and the low price of rice are some of the causes, and there has also been an absence of marauding Chinese robbers.

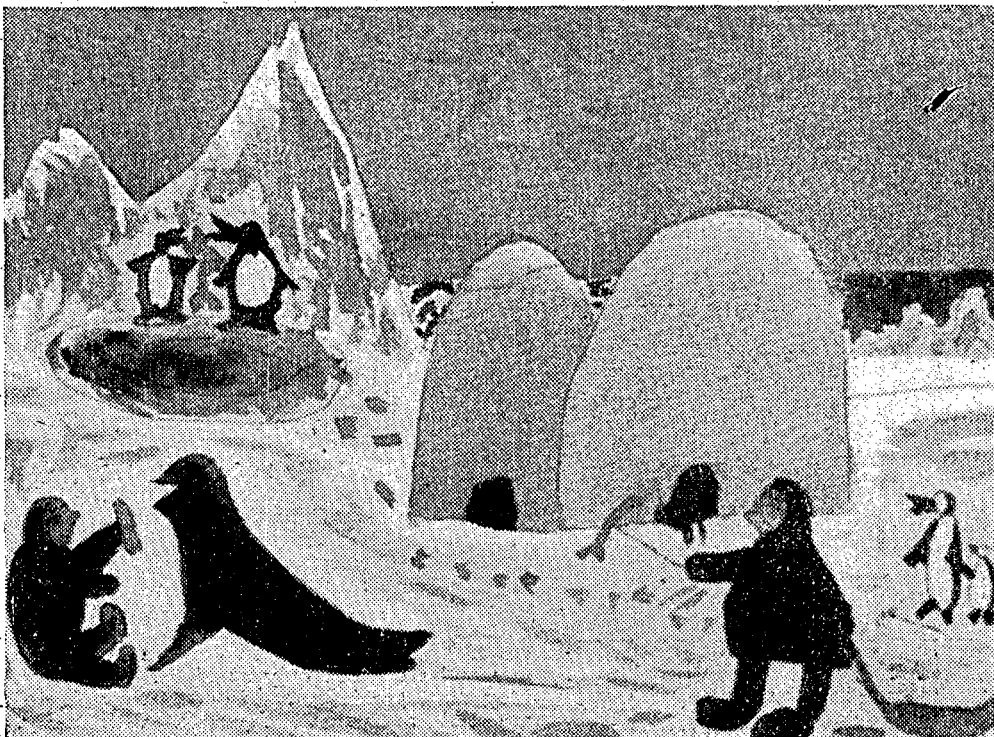
# Young Artists Show Their Pictures



The Fall, by Robin Rudd, aged 6



An Impression of the Jubilee Service, by Squibs Harris, aged 12



Greenland, by Denia Houghton Brown, aged 7

Three pictures by children in the Exhibition of Amateur Art by All Ages. See previous column.

## DEFYING WINTER

### New Year Hopes For Our Country

#### TRADE UP AND UNEMPLOYMENT DOWN

The New Year of Work has opened well. The last count of workers was made for the Old Year, and the result again showed improvement.

The big trades showed advance, and important modern trades such as motor-vehicles and aircraft again improved. Building declined with the weather.

Our little but fortunate island has now nearly 46 million people. Not all these work for their living, for the number includes children, students, rich people living on investments, people too old to work, and invalids.

The number of people who actually follow some sort of occupation to obtain wages, salaries, or profits is very large. It amounts to about 21 million men, women, and young people.

Many of these (about 12 millions) are compulsorily insured against unemployment because they work in trades subject to fluctuations.

#### 21 Millions Work For Gain

With this picture of workers before us we can better understand how employment stands. On December 16 the official count showed that there were 10,599,000 insured at work, and 1,868,000 registered as unemployed. If we consider the 21 millions working for gain we see that there is *one unemployed in about every eleven of the occupied population.*

This is much better than was recently the case. A year ago there were 10,067,000 insured at work and 2,325,000 unemployed.

Even between November and December there was distinct improvement, unemployment falling by roundly 50,000. It is good to think that 50,000 more people had a hopeful Christmas time, and that compared with a year ago hundreds of thousands had cause to rejoice.

Since 1931 the unemployed have fallen by nearly a million. What is so hopeful about the latest return is the improvement made in the bad winter season.

## THE SHARK IN A TANK

### Swimming 75,000 Miles?

A shark kept in a large tank in Sydney Aquarium has died after three years of captivity.

All day and every day the shark was on the move. Even when eating it kept on swimming. It never seemed to rest, and it is calculated that it must have covered 75,000 miles during these three years.

Some fish, such as carp and eels, rest a good deal; others, such as roach and dace, become sluggish in the winter; others seem to require no rest at all.

Among those needing no rest are porpoises, bonito, swordfish, tarpon, and many others. A porpoise kept in captivity at Brighton Aquarium was never still by night or by day, and in the sea porpoises seem to spend their whole life on the move.

In tropical seas they often accompany ships, ploughing along at 15 m.p.h. without effort, and sometimes, apparently for fun, turning and circling the fast-moving steamship. Salmon, too, have been proved capable of covering long distances in a very short space of time. Experiments made on the west coast of America showed that a salmon could travel 60 miles in three hours. The speed of the tarpon, the great game fish of the Caribbean Sea, is set at no less than 60 m.p.h.

#### TO EVERYONE

Stop, look, and listen before you cross the street;  
Use your eyes, use your ears, and then use your feet;

And Cross by the Safeway

## A GIANT KILLED BY IGNORANCE

GERMANY is the poorer for the loss of two of its giants, named Roland and Goliath.

They were just two peaceful sea-elephants, one the pride of Berlin and the other of the Hanover Zoo: Roland, who weighed well over two tons, was the pet of the Berliners.

He was not so old as his air of wisdom made him out to be, for he was barely twenty. But sea-elephants, unlike their very distant namesakes on land, do not live to a great age. Berlin was lucky to keep him six years, but it might have looked on him longer if visitors had been more judicious.

Roland's proper diet was fish, and he never seemed to have enough of it. But sightseers would ply him with buns or pastry, or even cigarettes, and

Roland, in spite of his look of vast intelligence, had not the power to resist them. He was killed by kindness, or shall we say ignorance? It happened shortly after the Christmas festivities.

Goliath passed on at Hanover from no such seasonal indigestion. He was younger than the Berlin contemporary whom he never saw, but could give him more than six stones in weight. He died from natural causes, and will be hard to replace because there were only three more sea-elephants in Europe, the property of the Hagenbeck Zoo at Stellingen.

Now Stellingen has only two, for one has gone to Berlin to occupy the quarters, though he can never take the place, of poor Roland.

## Napoleon and His Loot

IF hopes are realised a new chapter will soon be written in the long story of the pillaging of European cities by Napoleon.

The Italian ship Artiglio, already famous for her recovery of the gold sunk with the Egypt, is said to have discovered the whereabouts of a sunken ship stored with the Emperor's loot which was sunk off the isle of Elba on her way from an Italian port to Marseilles. The divers believe they will be as successful in retrieving the bronzes and sculptures from the lost ship as they were with the Egypt's bullion.

It would need many ships and many crews to transport all the objects of art which Napoleon stole from conquered cities. "I will be a second Attila to you," he said, when Venice offended him; and an Attila he was to many a town, ravaging their cathedrals, churches, palaces, and museums of pictures and ivories, books and manuscripts, bronzes and marbles.

He made the Paris Louvre a vast gallery for the display of art trophies seized as the fruit of battles. He brought home from Venice the famous bronze horses, made of Corinthian brass in the fourth century B.C., taken to Rome, then to Constantinople, and from 1202 gracing the cathedral of San Marco (where they are now in place again). From Rome he took the incomparable Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medici, the

Dying Gaul, and a host of other statues and pictures, among them Raphael's Transfiguration. Modena and Parma yielded him 40 immortal pictures, Bologna 40, and Ferrara 10.

Waterloo was a victory not only for England but for the rights of many European cities whose riches had been carried off by Napoleon's ruthless hand. No fewer than 2233 art treasures were taken from Paris and returned to the places from which he stole them; and of that number 2065 were pictures which all the world still goes to see.

But not all were recovered; Paris still has many of the things he brought home with him—drawings, Greek and Roman sculptures, and pictures which were thought not worth taking back. Among such the Louvre has Fra Angelico's beautiful Coronation of the Madonna, Albertinelli's Madonna and the Infant Jesus, Bronzino's Christ and Mary Magdalene, Cimabue's Madonna, Giotto's Francis of Assisi, Gozzoli's Triumph of Thomas Aquinas, Lippi's Madonna and Child, and works of rare loveliness by Credi, Mantegna, and Perugino.

There they have been, with stolen statues, manuscripts, and drawings, since Napoleon brought them home, and not even the brave divers of the Artiglio can now recover them for their former owners.

See World Map

## Saving the World's Wild Life

THIS month an international Convention for the preservation of wild life in Africa has come into force in the territories controlled by the South African Governments and those of Great Britain, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Belgium.

The Convention provides for the protection of such animals as are not harmful to human life and property, not by forbidding the authorised restriction of their numbers where they become too numerous, but by forbidding indiscriminate slaughter, which in the past exterminated rare species and brought others almost to vanishing point.

Action against some classes of animals becomes imperative from time to time; just as we at home have to keep down rabbits and deer, so in Africa, when great increase in the numbers of animals destructive of life or crops occurs, men, acting on authority, go out hunting to reduce the surplus.

The list of animals to be protected under the Convention is provisional, and may be amended where variations in the numbers and habits of animals are noted. The classification is interesting. The great forest hogs, which were thought to be scarce, prove to abound, having escaped detection from the fact that they hide in burrows by day and come out only at night. As they cause great damage to crops they are not at present favoured with certificates of exemption.

Investigation proves that the gorilla is really less dangerous than the chimpanzee,

previously regarded as harmless. Both are to be protected, but a note of warning goes forth against the chimpanzee, which, as is shown by Sir Arnold Hodson, experienced governor and great African traveller, is known to snatch up children; carry them to the tops of trees, and then dash them down.

Unable to read the mind of an ape we cannot say what causes wild creatures to do so terrible a thing, unless it is jealousy, resentment of intrusion upon what they consider their domain. Tame chimpanzees, like other domestic animals, are notoriously jealous. Sir Harry Johnston once had a startling illustration of this. On the way home from Africa a free tame chimpanzee was the pet of all aboard. At Madeira, however, a young married couple with their baby joined the ship, whereupon the child became the general favourite, to the great indignation of the ape.

One day at lunch the baby was left in its cradle on deck, while the chimpanzee went below with the passengers. Presently Sir Harry saw the ape shamble out of the saloon and waddle upstairs. Instinct prompted him to follow, and it was fortunate that he did.

The ape had seized the baby from its cradle, and was about to hurl it into the sea when the voice of Sir Harry caused it to drop the child before scurrying away. For the rest of the voyage the ape sulked in captivity, caged on deck, its owner warned of the ferocious passion to which jealousy had roused it.

## IN CAMP AT MAIDEN CASTLE

### Fifty Idle Men Have Something To Do

*There must be another camp this year.*

So says Mr W. J. Varley of Liverpool University in his report on the exploration of Maiden Castle at Bickerton in South Cheshire.

There must be another camp because 50 unemployed men had a fortnight of almost perfect happiness there. After a long time of enforced idleness they revelled in the work, in the good and regular food, in the open-air, and in the interest of the job in hand. It was remarkable to see the difference a fortnight made to them.

The excavations show that Maiden Castle was a strong hill settlement with great walls which must have taken years to build. It was one of a series of camps stretching from Somerset to Flint, and was probably built by people who came from the Continent three or four centuries before the Romans came. At Maiden Castle their inner rampart was of a type not previously recorded, made up of a sand and timber core lying between two stone facing walls.

## A GOOD WORK GROWS

### The World's Children Getting Acquainted

While politicians quarrel, while Governments betray their pledges and animosities become inflated like the frog in the fable, the children of the world carry steadily on, laying the foundations for a better day by *trying to understand one another.*

That worldwide League of Youth the Junior Red Cross reports that the number of portfolios exchanged by classes linked through its international school correspondence scheme increased in 1935 by nearly 25 per cent. About 7500 albums compiled by schoolchildren as a gesture of friendship toward their unseen fellows in foreign lands travelled the international pathways in 1935, as compared with 6070 in 1934. Children in 40 countries take part in this exchange.

## SPORT IN AN AQUARIUM

Visitors to the baths at one of our seaside towns have been swimming in an aquarium without knowing it.

The peculiar sandy colour of the water pumped in excited surprise and comment, and analysis showed that the tint was due to the presence of myriads of fish-eggs.

Here was something of that vast ocean of latent life called plankton, eggs and larvae which colour the open sea for miles and form the food of mightier creatures. Every hour during the hot days of summer tiny fishes must have been popping out of their eggs, to find themselves in the company of human swimmers.

The case has been embarrassing for both sides, but it is all to be altered; in future the water for the baths is to be strained and sterilised.

## ARE WE BECOMING WAR-MINDED?

A young Scandinavian who has been visiting England has gone back wondering if the War Office and the militant newspapers are unconsciously making us war-minded.

He went to an aerodrome where the public were invited to view the machines. There was a crowd of people wishing to try on the gas-masks and, "just for fun," go through a poison chamber. "Did ever a race," he asked, "amuse themselves on a holiday afternoon in such a fantastic way?"



## TWO GLORIOUS MORNING STARS

### Drawing Nearer Together WHERE TO FIND FLEETING MERCURY

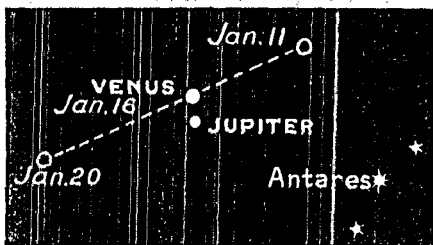
By the C N Astronomer

The early morning sky now presents the interesting spectacle of the two brightest planets, Venus and Jupiter, rapidly approaching one another.

At present they may be seen in the south-east, Venus above the less brilliant Jupiter and about eight times the Moon's apparent width away.

At the beginning of the week Venus rises about 5 o'clock and Jupiter nearly half-an-hour later, so by 6 they should both be easily seen, between then and 7 being the best time for observation. If the sky is clear several of the bright stars of Scorpius will be in evidence a little way below and to the right of Venus, the red Antares being barely a dozen times the Moon's width below Venus.

Each morning Venus and Jupiter may now be seen to have drawn nearer together, until by Thursday morning, January 16, they will appear to be only



The path of Venus relative to Jupiter and Antares, showing her position on the dates indicated

about twice the Moon's diameter apart, Venus being still above, as indicated in the picture, which also shows her rapid approach to Jupiter and subsequent path from him during next week.

It is to be hoped the morning sky will be clear, as it is infrequent to see two such bright luminaries appear so close together, though actually Venus is about 100 million miles away, whereas Jupiter is about 445 million miles from Venus. We thus realise that their apparent approach is in the line of sight.

After Thursday next Venus will be seen to descend below Jupiter, and gradually her superb lustre will diminish, for every minute she recedes about 300 miles farther away, and after March next will practically vanish from the morning sky. Jupiter, on the other hand, is rapidly coming nearer at about 800 miles a minute, and so will become brighter and eventually take the place of Venus as the Morning Star.

Mercury now adorns the evening sky, but is not easy to find among the mists which so often follow the sunsets at this time. This golden-hued planet sets at the beginning of the week at about 5.45 p.m., so, as the Sun sets at 12 minutes past 4, Mercury is above the horizon for over an hour and a half after sunset. About 5 o'clock will therefore be the best time to seek him low in the south-west.

### Mercury and Saturn

Saturn may be used as a guide to Mercury's position, for, by drawing an imaginary line from this planet to the place where the Sun had previously set, then Mercury should be found not far from this line and near to the horizon.

Mercury should be visible for the next 10 days or so, after which this little world will appear to drop lower toward the horizon and set much sooner after the Sun; actually he is approaching us and will come between our world and the Sun on January 31.

Saturn will be identified rather low in the west, but, though he is the brightest object there, the presence of twilight while Mercury is visible makes it advisable to estimate his position an evening before, when it is darker, as he does not set until nearly 8.30 p.m.

G. F. M.

## UNDER PRESSURE

### The Earth's Crust Never Sleeps

At Harvard University Dr P. W. Bridgeman directs a hydraulic press exerting pressures of 100 tons to the square inch.

This machine, which he invented and perfected, was employed in the past year to give a new view of what may be happening deep in the Earth's crust. Its pressures are greater by far than any produced in other ways on the Earth's surface. The highest pressures otherwise known are those produced by the explosion of gases in big guns. These are only one-tenth as great as those of the Bridgeman press.

At the lowest depths of the oceans the pressure is only one-tenth of the big gun. But 50 miles down in the Earth's crust there are pressures as enormous as those produced artificially at Harvard. Dr Bridgeman has some suggestions to offer about their effects.

He has shown in other years the changes which will take place in substances under direct pressure. Water can be compressed into warm ice. Marble will flow like treacle. But if, besides being compressed, substances are twisted at the same time their very constitution seems to alter.

### Strange Transformations

Ordinary substances assume new forms, rubber, paper, wood, and cloth turning into horn-like materials through which light shines. Other substances explode; and sometimes two substances like copper and sulphur can be made to unite.

Dr Bridgeman explains that what may happen when a substance is compressed and twisted at the same time is that their molecules may be caused to slip over one another. They take up new positions and are transmuted into new and different materials.

In the depths of the Earth's crust these transformations may be continually in progress. Thus carbon may assume a new form and diamonds may be born out of it. The rocks may be changed. They will slip and flow, and from time to time explosions will accompany the change.

Earthquake and volcanic flow may be the outcome of pressure 50 miles down below in Nature's laboratory.

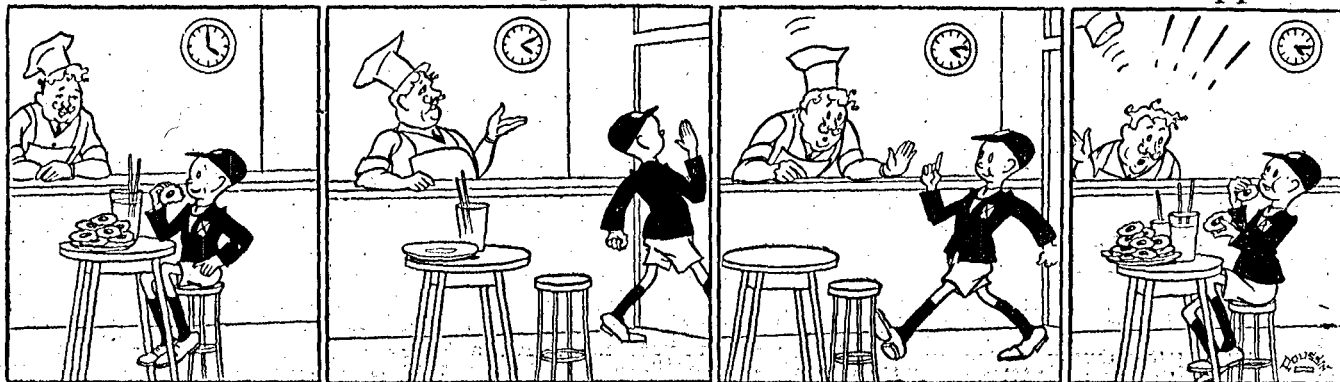
### BETTER THAN THE RIBBON ROAD

Ribbon development is at last being checked in its fast and ugly growth.

A road near Berwick was about to be defaced by a row of houses on either side of it, but the ribbon development restriction made the cost of extra land prohibitive, and a little village is to be built to house the people displaced through slum clearances at Allerdale and Shoreswood.

About 30 houses will be built round an oval green of more than an acre instead of facing a dangerous and noisy road, and the new villagers will live in an atmosphere of peace with the country coming up to their doors.

## Sim and Sam, the Tantalising Twins



## FATHER OF ALL THE WHEATS

### Guarding the Wild

Many countries are now trying with might and main to preserve their disappearing wild animals. In Armenia they are preserving the wild wheat.

Wild wheat, the ancestor of all the wheats cultivated from China to Peru, grows still in the Ararat region of Armenia. It is being carefully guarded. No one must cultivate it. No beasts must graze on the lands where it springs up and ripens.

The reason for this extreme care is that wild wheat is as precious as the first printed book, but not so much for its rarity as for the uses found for it by the wheat-breeders.

Wild wheat, which rapidly became cultivated by the earliest men, spread from the land of its birth, believed to be Mesopotamia, to China in the East and the Canaries in the West. It was not till the 16th century that one of the followers of Cortes took it to Mexico.

### An Intricate Study

Since that day a score of varieties of wheat spontaneously arrived under the influence of cultivation in both hemispheres. All were descendants of the wild wheat, but they differed in appearance and character according to the climate where they were grown. In the last forty years the plant-breeders have blended one kind of wheat with another.

The object, often successfully accomplished, has been to grow wheats which can resist cold or moisture or the diseases of wheat, and to obtain wheats longer or stouter in the stalk or harder or whiter in the grain.

In this intricate study, which aims at perpetuating this or that quality of wheat, samples of the original wild wheat are of great value. They are standard wheat, Nature's first attempt, unaltered by cultivation, and unmixed with any but its own kind. Crossed with the later artificial varieties the wild wheat affords a clue to the success or failure of other crossings.

## A LONDON CONGRESS OF FAITHS

Religious differences have so often been the excuse for strife and bitterness that men of all faiths must welcome the second international religious congress to be held in London next July.

The first congress took place in Chicago at the time of the great World Fair, and offered such hope of good results from spiritual cooperation that a British Council was formed. Sir Francis Younghusband is chairman, and among others interested are the Deans of Canterbury and St Paul's, Sir Herbert Samuel, Dr Garvie, Dr Jacks, and Sir Evelyn Wrench. Leading spokesmen of many faiths will talk on how all spiritually-minded men can work together to overcome fear, nationalism, ignorance, and other present-day evils. Those who wish to be present should write to the Secretary at 17 Bedford Square, W C 1, for a prospectus.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

### To Be Preserved As a National Park

The Government of Chile has decided to make a national park of Robinson Crusoe's island in the Pacific, Juan Fernandez.

The cave where lived Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, the look-out from which he watched for passing ships, and his other associations will now be in the care of keepers, and guides will be available for visitors to the island.

The C N has just heard of a little-known sculpture of this famous character of real life and fiction, and the reader who gives us the information sends the accompanying photograph. The statue is in a niche over the doorway of the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk at Largo in Fife.

This scapegrace son of a shoemaker ran away to sea and rose to be sailing master in one of Captain Dampier's privateers in the South Seas. In September 1704 he quarrelled with his captain and had himself landed with his effects on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez. He lived there till January 1709, when Captain Woodes Rogers took him on board.

Captain Rogers told his story in a book three years later, and it was mostly from this account that Defoe built up his immortal story for boys.



## NEW ZEALAND'S OLDEST CHURCH

The centenary of the oldest church still standing in New Zealand is to be celebrated.

This is the historic church at Russell, Bay of Islands, built a few years before New Zealand became recognised as part of the British Empire.

Then came Captain William Hobson, R N, to the Bay of Islands, first Governor of a new colony. In this church he read the first proclamations of British sovereignty over New Zealand.

Turbulent years followed, and in 1845 the warlike Maoris burnt the little township of Russell (or Kororareka), but they did not harm the church. Still can be seen the marks of bullets on the wooden walls, and in the churchyard are the graves of sailors killed in the fighting.

A new church in stone has been planned, for the old wooden building erected by the missionaries is coming to the end of its life of usefulness. The Governor of New Zealand laid the foundation-stone last month.

## What An Appetite!

## NEW WAY ROUND PARIS

### The Boulevard Down Below

From Our Paris Correspondent

When Paris was still called Lutetia it was encircled by a waterway, two arms of the Seine which would carry its little traffic. As the town expanded in all directions a further artery was needed, and a great road was made, still famous as the Grands Boulevards.

Centuries passed and Paris continued to grow until under the Republic the people voted for the construction of another wide avenue, known as the Boulevards Extérieurs. But the last 50 years have seen the population increase to such an extent that traffic is again congested, and with their flair for thorough planning the Parisians have called upon science to solve the problem of a new way round their city. The result is to be a tunnel.

The engineers first decided on another road, but it was found that instead of clearing up the traffic a further great boulevard would congest it, as it would have to cut across all the exits from the gates of the city on its way round, and would consequently interrupt the outward and inward streams of vehicles at every crossing. Further consideration produced the idea of a tunnel.

#### Why Not the Peace Way?

This may sound easy for modern engineers, but we have to remember that under each street lies a medley of tubes and pipes for gas, electricity, water, sewers, telephones, and so on. The tunnel will have to find a way through all this entanglement; and there are still other obstacles. In some parts the underground railway will cause trouble. Then there is the fact that some of the buildings in the west of Paris rest on sand, and to avoid collapse when the ground is disturbed their foundations must be strengthened from beneath.

The tunnel has only one bad thing about it, and that is its name, for it is to be called the Military Boulevard. France has militarism in her blood, unhappily, for Napoleon put it there and she cannot forget him; but this great way out of the traffic troubles of Paris is a way of Peace, and it is a pity to give it a warlike name. Why not call it the Peace Way?

## A LITTLE BOOK ON GREAT SUBJECTS

*Literature and the Arts.* By Murray McMullen. Technical Press. 2s 6d.

This carefully-compiled little book gives teachers of boys and girls from 10 to 14 a course of lessons in English Literature spread over three or four years, and any lover of culture will be fascinated by its range and good sense.

It is based on the author's own experience at a preparatory school, where the course was made to synchronise with that in English History. The work suggested for each month is so flexible that the slow student as well as the quick one can march in step from the beginnings of Literature to the work of today.

Chapters have been added on Painting and Architecture, based on the series in the Children's Encyclopedia, which Mr McMullen has found the most common book of reference in our school libraries. He also uses its storehouse of poetry as a basis for that section of his course.

The last chapter is a little talk on music and its composers, with suggestions for gramophone records to illustrate their style.

One of the most valuable features in the book is a big folded chart showing the world's writers, artists, architects, and musicians alive at the same time in all ages.

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY If It is Next Week

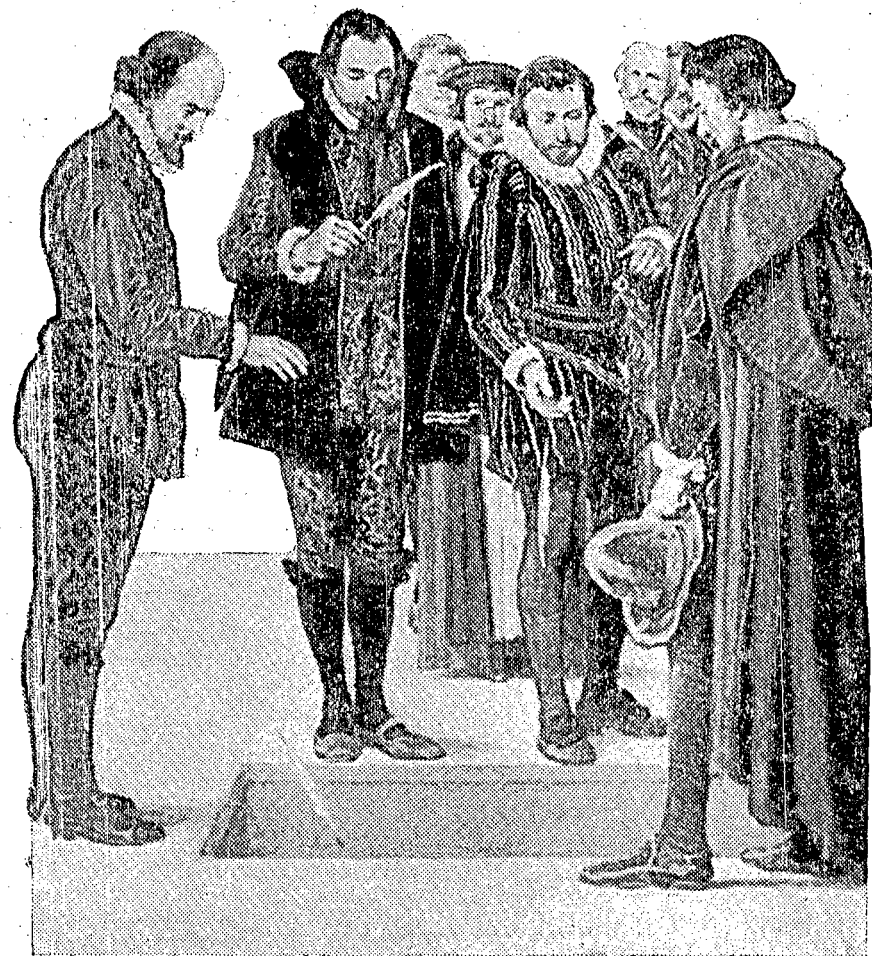
Jan. 12. Edmund Burke born in Dublin . 1729  
13. Edmund Spenser died at Westminster 1599  
14. Lewis Carroll died at Guildford . 1898  
15. British Museum first opened to public 1759  
16. Sir John Moore killed at Corunna . 1809  
17. Benjamin Franklin born at Boston, USA 1706  
18. Captain Scott reached the South Pole. 1912

### The Poet's Poet

Edmund Spenser, the poet's poet, as he has been called because his Faerie Queene has so strongly influenced poets, had a disappointing life, largely spent in exile.

He had every qualification for a place at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and he was a friend of her favourites, Sidney, Raleigh, Leicester, and Essex. His great poem was an allegory written partly in honour of the Queen.

Yet he never made good his footing as a courtier, but was kept in Ireland,



The poets throw their pens into Edmund Spenser's grave in Westminster Abbey

with only occasional visits to the scenes and friends of his heart's love.

Finally he was driven from Ireland by rebellion, barely escaping with his life, and he died at Westminster, very poor, before his Court friends found how greatly he was in need.

Then they gave him an impressive funeral in Westminster Abbey, and the poets of his day gathered round, and, in sign of his mastership, threw their pens into his grave. By his Faerie Queene and other poems he will always live in men's minds, but it is sad that his own generation did not reward him with greater happiness.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of January 1911

**The Noblest Assembly in History.** "The greatest and noblest assembly ever gathered in the history of the human race" is suggested by the New York Times. It proposes that, to celebrate its 300th birthday in 1913, New York should have as its guests the Parliaments of all the nations. The cost of a battleship would pay the cost ten times over, and the greatest city in the United States could easily afford to be the host of such a fine assembly. It is a splendid vision.

## THE IDLE YOUNG A Thing That Should Be Done

When there is an army of youthful unemployed on the registers of the Labour Exchanges it is disappointing to learn how few of them are being trained while idle.

In the latest week for which statistics are available the average attendance was 19,725 boys and 10,120 girls, at 204 junior instruction centres and classes.

New centres or extensions of existing centres, with a total accommodation for about 12,000 juveniles, have been approved and will be opened as soon as possible.

The worst of it is that the number of boys and girls unemployed is about 120,000, so that the percentage in training is much too small. There should be continued training from 14 to 18 as a matter of course, employed or unemployed.

## AN ATTACK ON THE BRITISH YARD Why Alter the Brass Rule in Trafalgar Square?

The famous brass rule in Trafalgar Square, which measures our English yard, will have to be changed if a proposal which is now being considered succeeds.

It is nothing more or less than a proposal to put the metre on the map!

This insidious attempt to oust the British yard by those who favour the metric system comes through the Ordnance Survey, whose splendid maps are one of the proudest of our British possessions.

### The Case For the Yard

A question asked in Parliament and answered by the Minister of Agriculture makes it clear that some of the chief map-makers want to see the distances on the maps altered from yards to metres.

The minister did not commit himself to the alteration, and wisely. Whatever may be said from a scientific point of view for making British measurements conform to Continental usage, the change would cause great confusion among all who use these maps, from landowners, farmers, and surveyors to the motorist.

The farmer and the landowner would be loud in their protests at this interference with their own and their neighbour's landmarks. The motorist would be long before he reconciled himself to the calculation that five miles to somewhere was about eight kilometres.

Change must not be resisted because it is change. But, though the upholders of the metric system can make out a good case for themselves by pointing out the ease of calculating everything in tens and hundreds, the metre enjoys no superiority over the yard.

### An Arbitrary Measure

Like the yard, the foot, and the inch, which the Briton finds no difficulty in calculating, the metre is a quite arbitrary measure.

It was originally said by the French scientific men who calculated it to be the one-ten-millionth part of a line drawn on the Earth's surface from the Pole to the Equator.

Later measurements of the Earth showed that the calculation was wrong. The metre is now nothing more than the distance between two points on a metal bar kept in the vaults of the International Metric Commission in Paris.

The distance is 39.37 inches; and why that should be better than the 36 inches of the British yard between two points of metal in Trafalgar Square we fail to understand.

## DO NOT TOUCH THE PYLON

### Danger in the Wires

Kites must not be flown near the towers and wires of the Electric Grid system which now covers our island.

It is a dangerous practice, as a fatal current will pass down the string if kite or string touches one of the wires.

The London County Council has asked teachers to warn their pupils against this danger and also against the danger of climbing the towers or pylons, which can give a fatal shock to the climber though he may not touch a wire. Before workmen climb these towers the current is cut off; but if boys climb them in a spirit of adventure they will find the current is on.

A warning is also given to the children not to throw stones at the wires or the porcelain insulators owing to the damage and danger which may thus be caused.

## CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E C 4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### What is the Meaning of the Word Asia?

Land of the dawn. The name is derived from the Sanskrit word Ushas.

### What is a Cliché?

Strictly, a printing term for a stereotype block, from which any number can be made. It is also used to describe a phrase that has become hackneyed through too constant use.

### What is the Origin of the Word Bowdlerise?

It is derived from Thomas Bowdler (1754-1825), who issued editions of Shakespeare and Gibbon from which all words and expressions which could not with propriety be read aloud in a family were omitted. The alternative word is expurgate.

### How Many Rulers Has Malta Had?

The island was governed in turn by Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans. Conquered in 870 by Arabs, from 1090 to 1530 it was joined to Sicily. The Knights of St John then ruled it till it was taken by Napoleon in 1798. The natives rose against the French, and with their consent the island was annexed to the British Crown in 1814.



# CN AERIAL RAILWAY AND HOW TO MAKE IT

ON page 4 we read of an overhead railway suggested for London. Here is an easy-to-make model of an aerial railcar.

The materials needed are a piece of very thick paper or thin cardboard, some gum or glue, a strip of tin four inches by half an inch, a piece of pencil, three small paper-clips, and two thin elastic bands about three inches long.

In making the coach, first draw across the middle of the card a line against the opposite sides of which the tracing of the two halves may be made. A half-plan of the coach, actual size, is given, from which the tracing may be taken with a fairly soft pencil. With this tracing face downward transfer neatly on to the card the first half, going carefully over all the lines as seen through the tracing paper. The tracing is then turned over and the process repeated on the other side of the line drawn on the card.

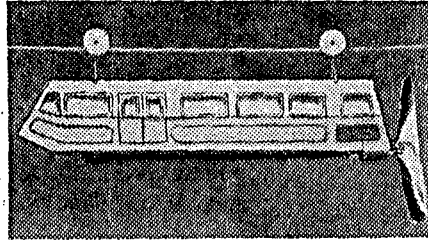
Cut away carefully all the windows or, if it is desired to paint the model, colour them blue; then score all the dotted lines where the parts are to be bent. If the model is being coloured it will be advisable to do this before it is assembled.

A good colour-scheme is to paint all the coach below the windows a bright red and the remainder of the sides up to the roof a deep yellow. Leave the roof white.

In making up the coach be very particular to see that the twin flanges and platforms are all accurately glued one over the other.

To make the pulleys cut two small sections from a pencil stump, each about three-sixteenths of an inch long, making sure that the cut edges are smooth. Next push out the lead and glue to each side a disc about the size of a sixpence cut from the card. When the glue has set take two of the paper-clips, straighten them out and pass them through the centre-holes of the pulleys and bend them to shape as shown. Do not bend too closely to the outside paper discs or the pulleys will have a tendency to slip over the edge of the bend when the model is running. Allow about half an inch turn-down, and then make further sharp bends, which are passed into the two small holes at each end of the coach. Each pulley should thus be held firmly in its place.

To make the propeller and shaft take an inch of the pencil, push the lead out, and make a good point at one end. Take the strip of tin, make two small holes one above the other at the centre, pass the remaining straightened-out paper-clip through the two holes and turn the end down over the back of the



The coach on its run way

edge of the tin. This will give the wire shaft a good grip. Bend the ends of the tin strip well over until, by blowing the propeller from the front, you can make it spin round. This tin propeller will not revolve very easily as it is, so it will be necessary to cut a very small square of tin to act as a washer, piercing it at the

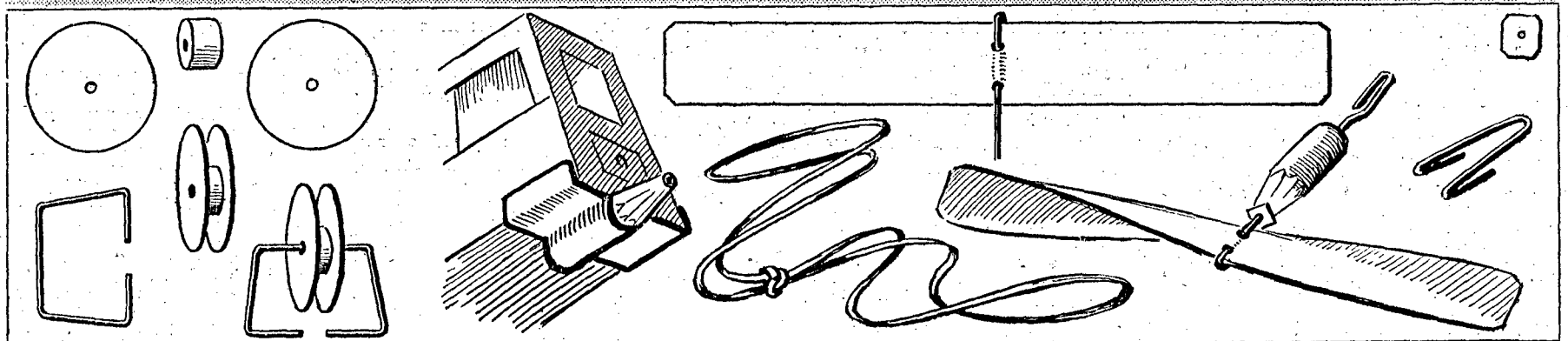
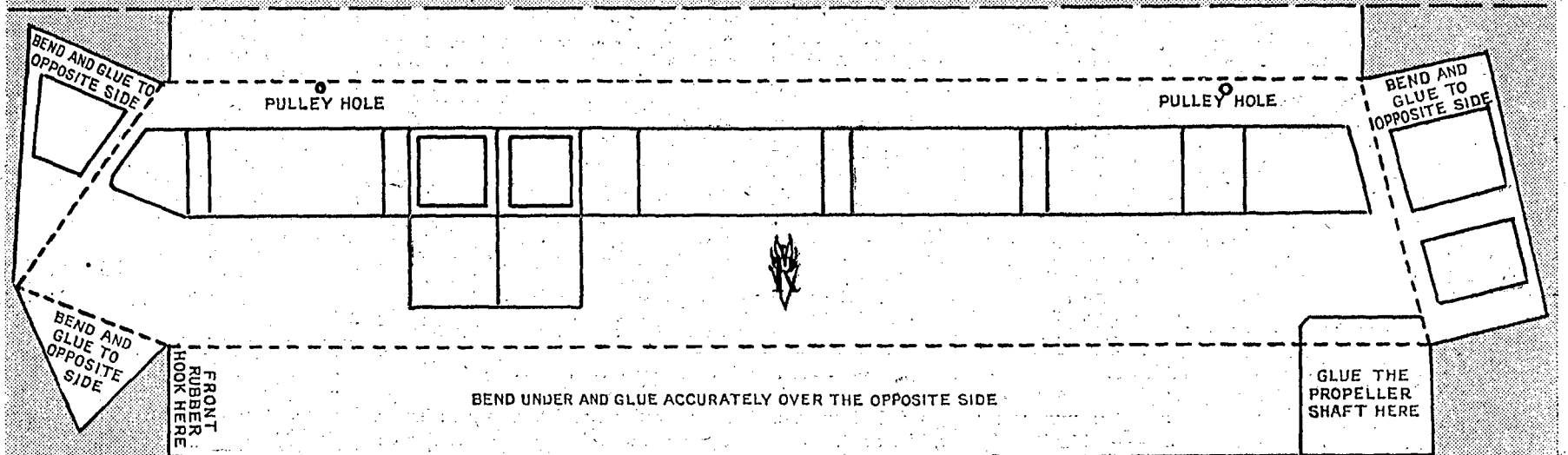
centre with a sharp-pointed instrument. Pass this tin washer behind the propeller, next to the pencil point, and then pass the shaft right through the stump and form a hook on which to put the rubber band, leaving the hook room to revolve.

Now take a strip of thick paper and glue the whole propeller mechanism to the rear end of the coach where indicated, allowing it to set securely before attaching the rubber. See also that it is central and that the point of the stump is well clear of the rear end of the coach.

Now make the small hook by means of which the rubber is to be attached to the front of the model and place it in position after fixing the rubber. The two rubber bands should be looped together so that they will reach to both ends of the coach without stretching. This motor will be found to give quite good power and a long run if very thin rubber bands are used.

The model runs best over very thin string or thick thread, stretched as tightly as possible. Out in the garden one end should be raised a little higher than the other.

HALF PLAN OF THE COACH, THE OTHER HALF TO BE TRACED ABOVE THIS LINE BY REVERSING THE TRACING PAPER



THESE DIAGRAMS, WHICH ARE FULLY EXPLAINED ABOVE, SHOW HOW TO MAKE THE CN AERIAL RAILWAY

## An Unsolved Mystery of the Butterflies

*The bloom of a rose passes quickly away  
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.*

ALL those who are interested in the life of woods and fields and gardens are asked to keep a sharp look-out this year for 12 kinds of butterflies.

The butterflies wanted are certain alien immigrants. Among them are the three Cabbage White butterflies coming from the Baltic, and finding English cabbages so much to their taste that they settle here and seem almost as if they sent messages to their relatives abroad telling them of the good news, for fresh swarms arrive every midsummer.

But it is not because they are marauders that the others of the 12 kinds of butterflies visiting us are wanted. Some are merely beautiful, and some rare, like the Painted Ladies, the Monarch, and the Camberwell Beauty.

Science is particularly interested in them because of the mystery of their

flight. Where do they come from? What are the aerial pathways they take? Why do they come as single spies in one year and as armies in another? What happens to the Painted Ladies, which are great travellers, coming from the Mediterranean and crossing Europe to reach our shores in May?

They disappear after being plentiful for a season, but no one ever sees them go again. They are not the only mystery. There is the Monarch butterfly, which has been seen a hundred times in England, generally on the south coast. But the foremost authority on our butterflies, Dr C. B. Williams of Rothamsted, cannot tell whether it comes across the Atlantic from North America or from the Canaries. He asks for information.

The reason why it is sought, and why lighthouse-keepers and the crews of lightships have been enlisted in the

search, is that the reasons for the vast swarmings of butterflies is unknown. So also are the directions some of them take; and what is true of butterflies applies to other insects. Among these the locust is most notorious.

The locust is of two kinds, a stay-at-home and a migrant. The migrant swarms are one of the world's curses. But if they could all be destroyed the home settlers would breed the swarms for fresh invasions. The knowledge gained about the swarms of migrating butterflies may serve in the hard task of dealing with the locust.

We may learn whether it is hunger or some deeper-seated ancient instinct for wandering that drives them so far afield, pursuing their relentless course against the prevailing winds as well as with them.

Some of the butterflies, like our infrequent visitor the Monarch, are as regular in their migrations in other lands

as birds. They fly by night as well as by day. A friend of the C N, standing on the bridge over the Rhone at Avignon one September, found himself almost surrounded as by a snowstorm by myriads of whitish butterflies. They clothed the bridge, they were swept away like flocks on the dark, swiftly flowing river.

The Monarch butterflies congregate in bands of millions in the North American autumn and fly to the South, or California, returning in March. No butterfly can make the journey twice, but their descendants return to the same trees autumn or spring.

The directions of the migrating flights of our 12 English summer visitors are much desired. The reasons for them may follow. One of the curious facts mentioned by Dr Williams is that a parasite of the African locust has learned to fly with the migrating raiders.

# MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Michael North, enjoying winter sports in the Alps, is invited to join in a paper-chase across the snow.

It is to be run on skis, and Michael, the only English boy in the party, is chosen for "fox." While discussing their plans a Moor called Beni-Hassan approaches, asking, "Will your Excellencies buy a beautiful rug?"

## CHAPTER 3 Well Away

BARELY had nine o'clock sounded on Monday morning than Megève might have been a township fallen asleep, again instead of one so recently roused by the dawn.

And the same could have been said of St Gervais and Combloux, of Sallanches, and of the mountainous region surrounding; for all the people who skied, sledged, or skated, with most of those who couldn't, had converged upon Passy, were streaming across now to Passy, or were hastening toward Passy as fast as their feet could carry them, for the Fête Internationale of the sports of the winter, the first ever attempted on such a scale in the world and the first ever staged beneath the great spires of Mont Blanc.

So the skiing slopes on Mont d'Arbois and those of Mont Joly were deserted for once by their multitudes.

It might have been thought that Ramiro Lopez and his companions would have preferred the excitement at Passy to their own project. And no doubt the temptation had tugged. But Ramiro had told them that, although the Passy fête was the first of its vast kind, their fox-chase on skis was no less a novelty.

"I don't suppose that it's ever been tried before," he said. "And I'm certain that you couldn't try it at all unless you could get the skiing slopes to yourselves."

It was this argument which had prevailed on them to give up Passy. It was this argument which was touching the imagination of Michael North as he came down from his room in the emptied hotel with two pillow-cases of confetti slung round his back and his skis on his shoulder.

He was taking his hickory racing skis weighing seven pounds and a quarter. His ski-sticks were of Tonkin cane, perfectly balanced. His dark suit was of gaberdine, to which snow clings with difficulty; his strong waterproof boots fitted snugly over his socks; his cap, with its anti-glare peak and its flap for his ears, matched the subdued black and white of his pullover and his thick scarf. In his light rucksack were his flask and some sandwiches, with the woolly cap indispensable against accidents and the rubberised mitts.

Thus equipped he came on to the terrace to wait for the others. He was ready first. And he meant to keep first all the way if his skill, already considerable, on his skis and his strength and his endurance lived up to themselves. There were none of the "hounds," he believed, any faster than he was, or in any better practice, excepting Ramiro. He imagined Ramiro could beat him in a straight race, in a short race certainly, where speed only counted; but his start, he felt, ought to give him sufficient advantage to get home without being overtaken, bar accidents. For where was the fun of acting as fox if they caught you!

He had planned his route—his own route after the forests. He would set them a teaser. Lots of stiff back-and-body work; no facile skimming that a fellow could do with his eyes shut, but a run that meant nerve, with a jump or two to be tackled. Yes, after the forest—

"You ready, Michael, old man?"

They were clattering out on to the terrace, a pack of nine in all, every one keen as mustard. "If we're all here"—this was Ramiro's voice—"we'll be off!"

"How much start do I get?"

"Well," Ramiro replied, "we have to give you enough to get more or less out of sight. Suppose we start from the end of the Nursery Run; will that do you?"

Michael reflected. "Yes," he said. "Fifteen minutes. But I warn you that I shan't lay very much scent until, at any rate, I'm on the ridge to Mont Joly."

"We shan't need it," Ramiro agreed. He turned to the others. "And no short cuts, mind. That's understood."

"Quite understood! We'll play the game," they assured him.

"Come along, then!"

The starting point, from the foot of the slopes where on any other day a number of beginners would have been striving and wobbling and tumbling, to the boisterous delight of their friends, not only gave

Michael a splendid swoop down the succeeding slope, but then took him round a concealing hump where he must climb once more to bring him on to the stretch of free snow under the summit. He took a breather here, before his next uphill work to the heights, where, once having gained the long knife-edge that led to Mont Joly, unhampered by trees, he intended to clap on all speed. The scent bags were not bothering him, nor was this ascent, though the snow, very spongy and soft, tried to drag at his skis; his body might have been some perfect machine, so smoothly was every muscle and limb responding.

"If they catch me today," he thought, "they'll be very lucky." He felt in such excellent trim.

And now he could race. He was high on the knife-edge; the world lay extended beneath him. At his left, beyond the valley to cross later on, stood tier after tier of forests, every branch and bough feathered with snow. Watching him over one of Mont Joly's shoulders towered the Dôme du Miage with its curiously-glistening saddle between dome and peak, like the saddle behind the shoulders of a white horse. It was there in summer-time that the chamois were found; but now he supposed they had come down to the higher forests, where he might even surprise some today, but not very easily, as they always posted a sentry before starting to feed. Still, he mustn't think about chamois, those jolly little chaps; all he had to think about was to lay enough scent and to take care not to miss that curve on his left which would give him his clean flight down, like a swallow's flight through the air, to the valley beneath, all one perfect expanse of clear snow.

Good! Here was the turn; here, below the crown of Mont Joly. He swerved and, taking another grip on his sticks, swept down and down with nothing to check or impede him, until, reaching the pasturage where the huts of the summer shepherds lay now under snow, he halted and turned to cast his gaze up to the skyline.

None of the pack appeared yet on the skyline. Ah, one of them had just come into sight on the knife-edge—too small from

here to distinguish—such a speck from that height. Yes, it looked like Ramiro.

He wouldn't let that queer Spanish chap catch him!

So off again; and through the trees to St Nicholas; then down past the silent saw-mill and across the valley for the plunge into the thick forests.

## CHAPTER 4 Disaster

WHAT a fête! They were all saying this on their way back from Passy that evening. They could never have imagined its equal, they said.

Nor could the guests at the Hôtel d'Aiguille, at any rate, have imagined the greeting awaiting them on their return. It came from the manager, in a state of distraction, who told them that the hotel had been robbed in their absence. "But yes! Every room has been broken into!" he wailed.

Some rushed upstairs in a frenzy to see what had happened; others stayed to calm the poor fellow and hear as much as he could tell them. It amounted to little in one sense; to much in another. He had been to Passy himself. He had come back not long ago, to find that several of his staff had gone holiday-making without leave, and that some time in the course of the late afternoon a thief had slipped in and ransacked the rooms.

"How do you know it was late afternoon?" they demanded.

"Because the chambermaids made their usual round at half-past four, and nothing had been disturbed then. All was in order."

"And now?"

"You will see for yourselves. Every room has been turned inside-out. Alas, that such a disaster should rend my establishment! I have never had a thief before. Never, messieurs! Believe me, mesdames, here we are all of the most honourables!" The agonised man was nearly tearing his hair.

It was just at this moment, while terrace and lounge were full of the outcry, that there entered, with skis on their shoulders, Ramiro and Bernard with the other three of the fox-chase pack who were staying at the hotel. They were stopped and asked where they had been and what they'd been doing. Ramiro explained. "But just now," he continued, "we've been out again having a hunt round for Michael

North. He was fox, yes, as I told you. We didn't catch him, and we got back here in a body just before dark."

"Did you hear of a robbery?"

"Not a word. There was no one about. But we didn't wait. Because as North hadn't turned up—"

"You mean he should have been here?"

"He certainly should. The fox-chase had to end here, at the hotel."

"You didn't wait, you say?"

"No. To tell you the truth, we thought North might have had a fall on his way back. So we went out at once to look for him. We can't find him."

"You can't find him! He's gone?" said the manager in a queer tone.

"Yes. It looks strange," said Ramiro. He went upstairs to his room. He rushed down again, with a white face.

"My mother's watch!" he gasped out. "They've taken it. It was studded with gems. It was worth a small fortune!"

"But the señora left us last week!" protested the manager.

"I know my mother left here last week," flared Ramiro. "But you know as well as I do that she's returning. And I tell you she left her antique watch in my charge."

The manager looked dubious. "Odd," he remarked, "that your mother should leave such a valuable in a lad's keeping!"

"It isn't odd," shouted Ramiro, stamping his foot. "You know Monsieur Chassel of Bonneville, the world-famous watchmaker? My mother told me to take the watch to M. Chassel and ask him to make a necessary adjustment."

"But yes, indeed, that explains," assented the manager. "My apologies, m'sieur, for seeming to doubt you."

Ramiro's voice rose to a scream: he seemed terribly upset. "I don't want your apologies. I want my lost property. It was in a blue cardboard box, tied up, and sealed." He was about to rush off when two or three of the visitors, who had been whispering together, called him back, and kept Bernard Weiss also. Then they nodded to the manager to begin again.

He, looking embarrassed, asked Ramiro if it would have been possible for the young Anglais, Michael North, after giving the pack the slip, to have stolen back to the hotel and gone off again?

Bernard Weiss broke in bluntly. "Are you hinting that Michael North may have been the thief?"

"Was it possible?" asked the manager.

"I don't know," frowned Bernard.

"And you?" They swung round on Ramiro. "What's your opinion?"

Ramiro stood looking from one to the other, reflecting. "I think," he said next, "that it would have been possible."

"Ah!" It was a long-drawn exclamation, escaping from all. Then one of the visitors, the oldest among them, asked the manager what was known of the lad North.

The manager answered with deference. "M'sieur le Comte," he said, "it is now a month or so that he has been with us. He came alone, but declared that another would join him. He had money, and his credentials were all in due order."

"Had you seen him before?"

"But no, m'sieur!" sighed the manager.

Then the old Count appealed to Ramiro. "You youngsters have seen a good bit of that English youth," he remarked. "What sort of a chap is he? Do you like him? I suppose he has told you a good bit about himself, eh?"

"He has not," said Ramiro.

"But he has told you where he comes from? And for whom he is waiting here?"

"He has not, m'sieur," said Ramiro.

Once again that significant "Ah!"

The Count's face had grown very grave. "Do you really maintain," he said, "that the lad has never spoken about himself to you? To any one of you? Come! That's incredible!"

"All the same it's the truth," said Ramiro.

Then Bernard Weiss, looking miserable, plucked at his sleeve. "Tell them about Beni-Hassan on Saturday," Bernard whispered. But Ramiro appeared not to hear. So the Swiss spoke himself. "It doesn't seem fair to suspect Michael North," he said nervously. "What about that old Moor who goes round selling rugs? On Saturday night he was lurking outside the hotel, and he heard us talking about its being empty today."

"About the hotel being empty?"

"Yes, M'sieur le Comte. He came on to the terrace, then he stayed in the road. He was listening."

A startled silence followed this new intelligence. It was broken by the Count, as he turned to his fellow guests. "Well, we know who our thief is," he said. "Now we know who our thief is. It is either that rogue of a Moor or our young man from England."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO DARE NOT FACE IT

MONKEYVILLE was buried deep in a blanket of thick, black fog.

While the rest of the family coughed and complained, Jacko cried "What a lark!" and wondered hopefully what was to be got out of something so unusual.

Father Jacko, being helped into his overcoat, was as gloomy as the weather.

"Button it up, dear," urged his wife.

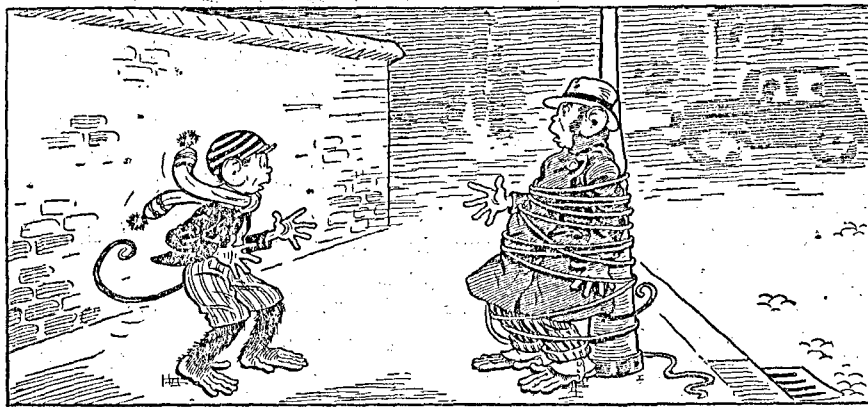
"And pull your scarf right over your

He passed a number of street lamps and lots of houses, but nothing that gave him the slightest clue as to where he was.

Suddenly — bump! Now what? Some old buffer, he thought; he could just see that much.

The "old buffer" seemed to have got his feet entangled in some rope which was hanging to a lamppost.

A broad grin began to spread over



There in front of him was his father

mouth. "I'm sure," she added, "I hope you'll be able to find your way."

Father Jacko was understood to say he should consider himself lucky if he ever got to his office at all. Then he stamped out of the house, and the fog swallowed him up.

"What a fuss!" muttered Jacko. "I should like to see a fog that could lose me!"

Having finished his breakfast, he ran down the garden path, out into the lane, turned left, and went straight on.

He should soon have reached the High Street. But apparently the High Street had moved!

Jacko's face. He caught the end of the rope (there was a lot of it) and, holding it tight, ran with it round the poor fellow and the lamppost too—round and round till the rope gave out. Then away he ran, roaring with laughter.

"Help! Thieves! Help!"

Jacko stopped. The voice sounded familiar.

He ran back a little way. And as he ran the fog, in the queer way fogs sometimes have, quite suddenly lifted.

There in front of him, all tied up to a lamppost, like a bale of cotton, was his father! Jacko gave one horrified look—and fled for his life!



# Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's

## 'ATORA'

### The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

#### RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'.  
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.  
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)

## The Paper for the Boy of Today!

MODERN BOY keeps you ahead of the news! There is no other paper to take its place. You will find described and pictured in its pages not only the latest mechanical marvels of today, but also those of tomorrow. In addition it contains tip-top stories by the world's finest boy's authors. Buy it every week.

## MODERN BOY

Every Saturday, at all Newsagents and Bookstalls 2d

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Ask to see my approvals. Send 1d. postage and receive FREE—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. Pictorial Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set. New 72-page list, price 1d. 100 B. Colonials 1/- C. N. WATKINS, Granville Rd., BARNET.

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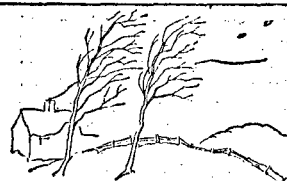
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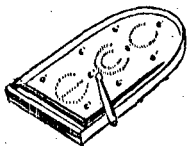
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make your throat  
troublesome...  
an Allenburys  
Pastille soothes  
the membranes.

bringing  
quick  
relief.

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PASTILLES**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8½ & 1/3

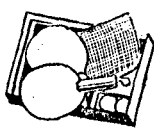
## Which do you want? — They're FREE!



**BAGATELLE BOARD**  
It's a ripping game and won't Dad like it too! 120 coupons and Free Voucher.



**BOY'S FOOTBALL:**  
Cowhide leather, with good-quality rubber bladder. 150 coupons and Free Voucher.



**TABLE TENNIS SET:** In box. Net, two posts, two bats and balls. 80 coupons and Free Voucher.



**WATCH:** Nickel-plated. Crown Maxim Keyless lever, a good time-keeper. 165 coupons and Free Voucher.



**LARGE BOX OF PAINTS:** Full range of colours, complete with brush. 64 coupons and Free Voucher.



**BOX OF PYRAMID CUBES:** Novel building blocks. Range of pictures. 90 coupons and Free Voucher.

### ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 4-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Ask for Rowntree's Cocoa twice a day—it's good for you.

### READ THIS, MOTHER!

Rowntree's Cocoa is now improved by a wonderful new predigestion process. It is made even more digestible—helps more in digesting other foods—and is more bone and muscle-building than ordinary cocoa. Still only 5½d. per 4-lb. tin with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS.

★ Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC9, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts with FREE VOUCHER value 3 coupons.

REMEMBER THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS, TOO.

## THE BRAN TUB

**Beheaded Word**  
COMPLETE, I am shrill;  
Beheaded, a musical instrument;  
Beheaded and transposed, I denote equality. *Answer next week*

**Unheeded Warning**  
A LOUD bang announced a punctured tyre.  
"I'm not a little bit surprised," remarked the dear old lady passenger, "for I distinctly heard that policeman warn you there was a fork in the road ahead."

**Mistakes That Are Made Every Day**  
THE bloodhound is not a ferocious dog. He is trained to scent blood, but rarely, if ever, injures the man he may be tracking.

Bulls running across a field to attack a man do not charge with their heads down, as is often shown in pictures. They keep their heads raised until they are quite close to the man.

### Ici On Parle Français



la mariée la demoiselle le marié  
bride bridesmaid bridegroom  
Oh, la jolie mariée! Et voici la demoiselle d'honneur. Le marié les attend à l'autel.

Oh, what a pretty bride! And here is the bridesmaid. The bridegroom awaits them at the altar.

### Missing Words

\* \* \* \* \* G  
\* \* \* \* \* G  
\* \* \* \* \* G  
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\* \* \* \* \* G

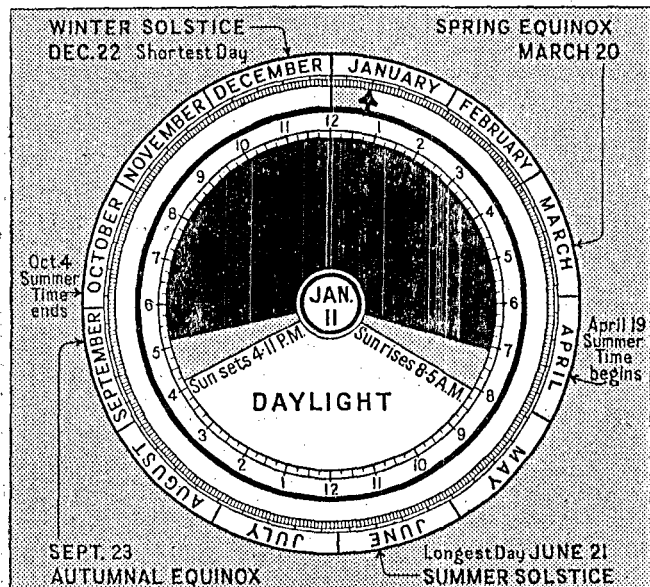
With the aid of the following clues can you supply letters to make up six words, reading across?

1. Bold.
  2. Accommodates motor-cars.
  3. Mark.
  4. Weapon.
  5. Struck silent with horror.
  6. Drinking cup.
- Answer next week*

### This Week in Nature

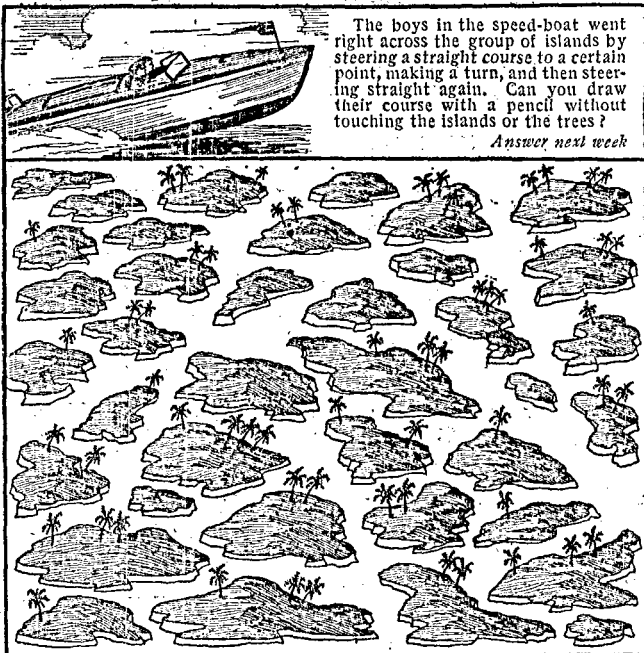
ROOKS begin to visit their old nesting-places in a mild spell at this time of the year. The rooks nest in large colonies at the tops of tall trees, preferably near houses. They do not, however, make their nests until late February or early March.

### The CN Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on January 11. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## The Way Through the Islands



The boys in the speed-boat went right across the group of islands by steering a straight course to a certain point, making a turn, and then steering straight again. Can you draw their course with a pencil without touching the islands or the reefs?

*Answer next week*

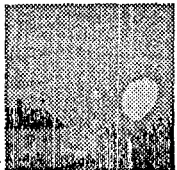
### Do You Know These Pets?

THE solutions to each of the following descriptions begin with PET. See how quickly you can solve them.

A pet that is part of a flower. A pet that is a request. A pet that is a flower. A pet that is irritable. A pet that is trivial. A pet that is a garment. A pet that is a sea-bird. A pet that is used in motor-cars. *Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Saturn, Mars, and Mercury are in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, January 14.



### India's Stamps

THE first Indian stamps appeared in 1852 and were nothing more than an embossed seal. Today they are catalogued at as much as £90 each.

Two years later stamps of a more conventional form appeared. The heads of both Queen Victoria and King Edward which appeared on the stamps were similar to those on our own coins, but when King George came to the throne

he appeared on the Indian stamps in his robes as Emperor of India. In 1931 a special set of stamps appeared to commemorate the



inauguration of New Delhi, the capital, while another special series was issued last year for the King's Jubilee. One of these Jubilee stamps is illustrated here.

### Quite the Other Way

BINKS: Since the present local council came in they have done nothing but contract debts. Banks: On the contrary: they have enlarged them!

**Those Who Come and Those Who Go**  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to December 14, 1935, are compared with the corresponding weeks of the previous year.

| TOWN        | 1935 | 1934 | 1935 | 1934 |
|-------------|------|------|------|------|
| London      | 4508 | 4678 | 3684 | 4069 |
| Manchester  | 909  | 967  | 823  | 752  |
| Belfast     | 611  | 628  | 469  | 443  |
| Newcastle   | 371  | 440  | 273  | 263  |
| Swansea     | 189  | 189  | 139  | 156  |
| Bournemouth | 104  | 114  | 109  | 120  |
| York        | 74   | 83   | 93   | 72   |
| Carlisle    | 71   | 60   | 57   | 59   |
| Worcester   | 67   | 63   | 66   | 69   |
| Cambridge   | 64   | 65   | 68   | 55   |
| Bath        | 51   | 52   | 84   | 76   |
| Cheltenham  | 48   | 54   | 49   | 54   |

### Reasonable Expectation

THE visitor was talking to the small son of the house.  
"And what do you expect to be when you grow up, sonny?"  
"A man," was the reply.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Enigma. An almanack.  
Beheaded and Curtailed. S-kate, Dec-r, O-range, F-owl, P-ink.  
Hidden Colours. Scarlet, violet, brown, green, yellow, white, red, blue, purple, orange.

### A Charade. Matchless.

Guess This. COX.

What Are the Countries? Egypt, China, France, Scotland, New Zealand, U.S.A., Japan, Australia, Italy, Holland.

### The CN Cross Word Puzzle

PANNIER OPERATE  
ODE DREAMER NAY  
DD IRE EAR ME  
SOLO FAN ONCE  
ARAMP GTRUES  
RAGS PARSE TALE  
CRATE LEO ASSET  
HEN TALENTS EAT

### Five-Minute Story

#### Mary! Mary!

MARY had been invited to a fancy-dress party and wanted to go very, very much.

But Mother said, "I don't see how you can, for I can't afford to buy you a dress."

So Mary sat down and thought and thought. Yet no ideas came until Brother Tom, spade in hand, popped his head in at the window, saying, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"

"It doesn't," answered Mary; "but you've given me an idea!" And she ran to ask her mother if she might borrow some things out of the big trunk in the attic.

Mother said Yes, and Mary darted upstairs.

Out of the trunk she pulled an old-fashioned green frock, a black silk shawl, an apron, a pair of mittens, and some bits of flowered cretonne.

"There!" she said to herself. "These will do," and banged down the trunk lid and ran downstairs.

"Mother!" she cried excitedly. "I'm going as Mary, Mary, quite contrary. I'll cut the flowers from the cretonne and make a border round the hem of the frock, and as I'm contrary I'll wear my apron back to front and my shawl awry."

"You ridiculous child!" laughed Mother.

"And oh, Tom," exclaimed Mary, as her brother came in, "I want silver bells and cockle-shells!"

Tom thought a moment, then he said, "We could twist silver paper from tea packets into cones for bells, with beads to weigh them down, and cut cockle-shells from thick paper and paint them—like pilgrims wore in their hats."

"Of course," agreed Mary; "and they would go round the flowers for a border."

"I'll help," said Tom.

So they spent a busy evening. Suddenly as they were working Tom started to laugh.

"Couldn't you curl one side of your hair and wear the other straight?" he suggested.

Mary giggled. "Yes, I could," she nodded. "And I could wear odd shoes, too."

When the afternoon of the party came Mary dressed with care and went off happily, carrying Contrary Mary's watering-can and very odd shoes in a bag.

In the evening an excited and gay little girl burst in on Mother and Tom.

"It was a lovely party," cried Mary. "And there was a prize for the best fancy-dress, and my dress won it because the judge said it showed great ingenuity!"

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